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The Confidence's Last Tow

"CARDS ARE JUST ONE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS OF POKER," SAID THE VIRGINIAN. "THERE'S MEN WHO'LL PLAY WINNIN' POKER WITH WHATEVER HAND THEY'RE HOLDIN' WHEN THE TROUBLE BEGINS. MAYBE IT WILL BE A MEAN, TRIFLIN' ARMY, OR AN EMPTY SIX-SHOOTER, OR A LAME HAWSS, OR MAYBE NOTHIN' BUT JUST THEIR NATURAL COUNTENANCE." WITH MEN OF THAT CALIBER THIS STORY DEALS, AND OF THEIR DEEDS THE COLOR AND ROMANCE OF LIFE ARE MADE

By Edward J. Moore

Illustrated by Frank D. Brady

"WE'LL GET A STRAIN ON HER HERE," SHOUTED BROCKEL OVER THE STERN, "SEND OVER A COUPLE O' THEM BIG HAWSERS"

CURRAN turned quickly from the telephone with the receiver still at his ear.

"Jim," he called excitedly from the inner office. "Where's Jim?"

"What is it?" answered Brockel leisurely, coming in from out-of-doors where he had been taking a look at the weather.

"What tugs have we in?" Then, to the 'phone. "Hold on a minute, Baxter. Don't be so peevish."

"Nothing," was Brockel's laconic response. "All out but the Hattie. You know she's on the ways having new bow plates put on to buck the ice."

"Pshaw." Then to the 'phone again. "Wait a minute, can't you?"

"The Big Mac's over at the Port with a scow. [illegible] Alex's gone to the Sault for the Government dredge. Neither of 'em can get in before Saturday. What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid we can't help you, Baxter. Haven't got a thing that would pull a stone-hooker in sight. Better try Duluth." Then, hanging up the receiver, "The Strathcona's aground on Thorn Island. Cracked her rudder post in the blow on the trip up and they couldn't do anything but let her drift. The people all got ashore in the boats but Baxter wanted our tugs to see if we couldn't pull her off. He's afraid she'll bust up in this gale. Hang it," the junior partner continued, "it's just like our luck to have to pass up a good thing like that. She's likely got her holds full of sugar and canned goods for the West and the job would have been the best one we've had in years. Durn it," as he jumped up from his desk and walked nervously over to look out of the window. "If McQuarrie had let me build that other tug we'd have paid for it with this ten times over."

Five minutes later Jim Brockel walked into the chief's office just as the latter dictated the last letter of his morning's correspondence.

"There's the old Confidence," he said as if carrying on the former conversation.

Jim Brockel thought slowly, though the fact that there was usually something mighty worth while in his ideas had brought him to the head of the outside department of the firm of McQuarrie & Curran, coal and lumber dealers, and in a small way, wrecking and salvage agents.

"What are you giving us, Jim?" returned the chief in surprise. "The Confidence hasn't had a fire in her for two years. You couldn't turn her engine over. You remember how she bucked up the day Charlie ran her up to the picnic. Besides, her deck beams are so rotten you'd pull the bollards out of her if you could get her going. You're trying to rag me, aren't you, Jim?"

Jim Brockel had a veneration for old things. He lived, though he could well afford a better, in a cottage that had borne the brunt of twenty-five winters. He drove around, too, on Sundays and holidays when he wasn't busy, an old mare that had belonged to his grandfather. And if there was one part of the realty of McQuarrie &

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Curran for which he held a high regard it was the little old wooden tug Confidence that Hugh McQuarrie had brought up the lakes with him when he started the business, thirty years before. The old boat had seen a mighty useful life of service but had been laid aside from regular use three or four years before and had only been

SHORTLY AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK, A MIGHTY HAMMERING PROCEEDED FROM THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE OLD CONFIDENCE

used occasionally for light work since. Once, two summers previous, she had been loaned by the firm to carry the overflow from a picnic party over to one of the islands, but had cracked a thrust collar on the return trip, and the party, including the junior partner's wife, had drifted around the lake in serious discomfort half the night till picked up by one of the other tugs. Since then she had been held pretty generally in disgrace and had been lying, tied up, but without any attention, in the least-used section of the firm's slips. Brockel hadn't told anybody that he had been down a few days before looking her over with a view to the possibility of fitting her up for a pleasure boat for himself for the next summer.

Brockel was by nature rather independent and when such a reception was given his really serious suggestion he wasn't likely to press it further. He wasn't satisfied, though, to let the matter drop completely. The opportunity kept bothering him all day, and when, in the middle of the afternoon, an unexpected telegram called Curran away to one of the firm's mills up country another feature appeared in the situation.

A few minutes after the express was due to have pulled out of the station Brockel had his innings with the telephone.

"Hello, Jack," he called to Baxter, the C. P. R.'s local agent, "done anything more about the Strathcona ?"

"Jim Finley's gone up with his launch to keep in touch with things for me," came back over the wire. "Nothing new from up there since what I told Curran this morning. Old man Buckley of Duluth has promised to go up with some lighters but he can't get his outfit together till to-morrow night. I'm afraid if this wind keeps up it will break her all up. Hear anything more from your tugs ?"

"No," returned Brockel, somewhat carelessly. "We were naturally anxious about her, that's all."

He turned from the 'phone though, with a smile that foreboded action, muttering to himself: "Buckley'll wait to take stuff enough up there to salvage a liner, and he'll likely want to wait till the wind goes down so he can use pontoons to float her. By hickory," as the facts of the case seemed to strike him, "I believe I'll take a chance with the old Confidence."

"Charlie," he called a few minutes later, to the engineer of the Hattie, who had been looking after odds and ends on his boat while she was up on the ways having her new bow plates fitted, "how'd you like a cranky night's work and the chance of some fun to-morrow ?"

"What's up ?"

"I want to get the old Confidence into running order and scoot over in the morning, before Curran comes back, to see if we can't yank the Strathcona off the Thorn Island shoal. I've a hunch," he went on, as the other man looked at him rather dubiously, "that she's not on as firm as Baxter thinks. If she's up on the west end there, where this east blow'd likely carry her, it's sandy and shelvin' and slopes off pretty quick. The wind's going to shift before morning," he added, after a glance at the leaden sky.

"But it'll take a week to get the old boat running," Charlie objected. "That thrust collar ain't been fixed yet, and the steering gear's all out of kilter."

"I know," Brockel threw back without giving time for further objection, "and the old engine's rusty, and," with a meaning glance that had something of suspicion in it, "somebody stole her steam gauge. I know it will be tough, Charlie, but look here. If we can by any chance get the Strathcona off there's sure to be a few thousand apiece in it for us. I want you and Andy McGonigal and a couple more like you to get at her right away. I'll pick up a few more of the boys we can rely on and we'll shoot over there in the morning."

Jim Brockel's success had come as much from his ability to inspire confidence in himself and his plans as from any other factor. And this quality stood him in good stead in the present instance. Most of the men poohpoohed his idea when it was first broached to them, but the fact that shortly after five o'clock a mighty hammering proceeded from the engine room of the old Confidence proved that he had, as usual, gotten his way.

That was a busy night on the old tug. Whatever Andy McGonigal did was thorough and when to his efforts were added those of the nervous energetic Charlie Dean, there was assurance that matters would move along with all satisfactory dispatch. And there was quite enough to do.

"Gosh amighty, she looks rum," was old Andy's comment when he first looked into the engineroom hold. And Andy was not far from the mark.

But looks didn't count for much in the present circumstances. To make her run was the pressing need and these fellows, knowing the job thoroughly, set about to do it.

About three o'clock, the hammering, which had continued more or less incessantly all night, ceased suddenly. Brockel, who had been busy with a dozen things up above stepped into the engine room for a breathing spell just in time to see Charlie opening up the main valve.

"Is she going to go," he queried, with a grin.

As if in answer the steam hissed down into the one big cylinder, and the engine started, at first slowly, then faster as the acceleration commenced.

"Have ye got her well tied up ?"

Old Andy looked up at him with a well-pleased grin, as the engine went off smoothly. "Better take a look and see or we'll be pullin' the snubbin' posts off the dock."

Brockel and the remainder of his hastily-gathered crew had also been doing their share on deck. Back in the stern the old boat's planking did indeed look rather rotten. One or two of the crew smiled when they thought of her doing any towing in a condition like that.

"One of the first things we'll do," Brockel ordered, "is to fit up some braces for the towing frames." Again, he took two of his boys and a couple of barrows over to a shed behind the company's office. "It's some special quick-firing stuff we get for the Winnipeg fire engines," he explained. "I want you to fill those coal bunkers up with it and be mighty lively about it."

About four a. m. after the spare deck space of the Confidence had been fitted with numerous coils of hawsers and food enough was taken aboard to keep a bunch of hungry men going for a couple of days, the old boat, shivering a good deal in spite of the recent repairs, started off down the harbor.

"She'll do ut," old Andy said, down in the engine room, as he threw the starting lever over full way when she left her dock and the big screw began to churn around behind. "She'll do ut if she don't kick to pieces herself and let this old outfit," pointing to the engine, "drop down on the bottom o' the lake."

The Confidence, even in her dotage as she was, did not belie her name. With a force of steam behind her that had been popping from the escape-valve off and on for the past two hours she ploughed her way down the harbor and out between the islands at the mouth.

"We can't give her more than half speed," said old Andy, pulling back the short throttle lever after they started.

These tugs are none of them built for speed, but when you start them off with nothing behind them and all power on they can show their heels to many a steam yacht. The Confidence was short and stubby but had a hundred and fifty horsepower in her old engine. "She'd dig her nose in an' bury herself if we let her go, old and worn as she is," was Charlie's comment.

"IS SHE GOING TO GO?" QUERIED BROCKEL, WITH A GRIN

Up in the wheelhouse Brockel was straining his eyes, trying in the dark to get an outline of the islands. He had been steering by ear rather than by eye so far and now the steady wind in his face with no noise of shore waves on either side told him that they were well outside. He handed over the wheel to one of the boys who were in the wheelhouse with him. "Keep her straight on, Jack," he said. "We'll run well out till it gets light. I don't like to travel too close to the Hog's Back in this wind."

Then he made his way back to the engine room and grinned down at the two men who were keeping themselves busy with wrench and oiler. "The old tub's got some speed yet, eh? I think," with a glance at the main valve, "you can give her a notch more, Andy. I'd like to be out there by daylight."

And so, for the three hours preceding

THE OLD CONFIDENCE STILL LIES THERE. YOU CAN SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF HER, MOST OF HER RAIL AND DECK-HOUSE ROTTED AWAY AND HER FUNNEL SLANTED AT A DRUNKEN ANGLE

dawn the little tug, on so peculiar a mission, ploughed her way up into the wind over the thirty miles to Thorn Island.

The first rays of the sun revealed the bleak slopes of the eastern end of the island about three miles to port.

"Pretty good guessing, Jack," said Brockel, who had come into the wheelhouse and had been discussing with the others the probable location of the stranded steamer. "Now shoot her over closer and we'll get a chance to pick her up as we run along."

The run along the north shore revealed nothing, however. "She must be up on the west end all right," Brockel noted, "and all the better for us, especially if she's in the sand. Do ye notice how the wind's swingin' round, boys? It'll be in the south before noon."

Ten minutes more justified his opinion. Rounding the western point of the little island, which, by the way, lay miles outside the usual course and consequently bore no lights, the watchers in the wheelhouse saw a mast and a funnel and then the hull of the steamer, the latter mingled indistinctly with the water and the sand in the distance. Half a mile further and they were able to make out something of the boat's position.

The big freighter lay with her nose pointing shorewards, though there was a hundred feet of water between her bow and the beach. Her stern had swung around a little but riding almost on an even keel she rose slowly to the long rollers that the end of the two days' eastern gale was driving in.

"She's been drove in on her quarter," Brockel said, "and the wind's twisted her around till she's caught again amidships. She's in a good spot for us, all right. Wonder if they've left anybody aboard?"

He yanked the whistle rope for a blast that should have brought out any of the stranded boat's crew but no one appeared.

"They seem to have given her up complete and left her alone," was his comment. "Something queer about this."

It leaked out a few weeks afterwards that an officer and a couple of the crew had been left with the steamer, but, frightened with the rolling, and the thought of being alone on the small island in the dreary stretch of waters, they had taken the last boat the night before and had made for the lights of a distant steamer which had picked them up and proceeded on her regular trip down the lake.

Coming nearer, the hurriedly-organ-

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In Two Flats

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "Juliana in Service." "Philip's Aunt," etc.

MARY found Ethel Herbert in the entrance-hall looking at the names. She shifted the florist's box she carried to her left arm and gave Mary a gray-gloved hand.

"Do you live in these apartments?" she said. "How very odd! I never met any of the art students except at the Institute. They don't seem to live where my friends live." She ended with the little laugh that she had learned at the voice-culture place.

"I don't suppose they would object to having your friends in their neighborhood," said Mary with the faint smile that she had not learned anywhere except from the sentiments which conversation with Miss Herbert inspired.

Ethel, not impervious to the sarcasm, looked only amiably superior. "I should think not," she smiled. She shifted the box again and pulled up her long glove. "I don't suppose you know Mrs. Gardiner, do you?" she inquired.

Mary shook her head and prepared to ascend the stairs.

"She has just moved in," said Ethel. "Are you going to walk up? I'll go with you. Mrs. Gardiner is on the second floor. She is the most charming woman and her home is always a meeting-place for the most delightful people. She is having an informal affair to-night for her cousin, who is just home from Paris. I am taking her some American Beauties. He gets in from New York this morning, I believe, but she doesn't expect him up until evening. He—oh! do you live on this floor? Too bad you are not going to be at Mrs. Gardiner's. Her cousin, you know, is Dale Robertson, the artist!" and with this parting return for Miss Meredith's air of indifference, Miss Herbert smiled sweetly in farewell and disappeared into apartment C. Mary unlocked the door of apartment D and went in with a conviction that this world is full of sickening shocks.

"If you had called as I wanted to," said her sister, Mrs. Charteris, sympathetic but reproachful, "she would have invited you. But you will never take advice, Mary. Even about little things like doing your hair low you are so obstinate. You are just like Grandfather Meredith."

"Did he do his hair low?" said Mary.

"And Edward and I are going to the Newton reception, so you will be alone all the evening. Don't you want to 'phone someone to come over?"

"No," said Mary, "I am going to put ashes on my head and meditate on Grandfather Meredith."

"Please, Miss, may I use your gas stove? Something has gone wrong with ours."

Mary had answered a knock at the kitchen door. Mrs. Gardiner's maid was the petitioner.

"Certainly!" said Mary.

Mrs. Gardiner's maid was talkative. She discoursed on Mr. Dale Robertson while she stirred the egg into the coffee.

"I don't see what they make such a fuss over him for," she said. "Of course, he's goodlooking, but, my gracious! I know a gentleman that—Will you watch that chocolate a minute, Miss, while I get the other bottle of cream?" She slipped across the little dark hall. A crash followed her disappearance. Her reappearance with a scared face followed the crash. "I've broke the last bottle," she said. "I'll have to run to the depot. It's only——" her voice died away down the dark stairway.

Mary tied on a white apron of Mrs. Charteris's and prepared to watch the chocolate. It was for him she was doing it. Only, he would be apt to take coffee. Artists always took coffee.

"I say, Katie!"—a suppressed and exasperated voice—"is there any place where one can get a breath of fresh air?" A tall young man blocked up the narrow doorway, and at once the chocolate leaped in the kettle.

"Look out! you'll have that over," said Mr. Dale Robertson. "Is there any way out of this ,Katie?" He had the air of one who has escaped. Evidently in his haste he had failed to notice that he was not still in his cousin's apartment. Should she send him back to the drawing room, where he belonged? That would have been Grandfather Meredith's method.

"There is a back porch," said Mary, and pointed the way.

"Thanks!" he strode across the tiny kitchen and stepped out onto the little porch. "Heavenly!" he said. A brisk air blew in at the open door.

"You'll take cold," said Mary, involuntarily, urged by her duty to the world of art.

He did not speak for an instant. Then his voice sounded amused. "I think it likely," he said. "You couldn't get my overcoat, could you?" The tone was of one accustomed to being served.

"I can't leave the chocolate," said Miss Meredith stiffly. Then remembering Grandfather Meredith's back hair. "There is a golf cape hanging in here."

He came in smiling. "Where is the golf cape?" he asked.

"Behind the door."

Mr. Dale Robertson took it down and put it around his shoulders. "How do I look?" he said, and then, too evidently thinking this savored overmuch of familiarity, he frowned and glanced around the room. "What a rambling sort of place for a flat. Where does that door go?" he said, trying the handle.

"Into another room," said Miss Meredith briefly.

"I SAW YOU ON THE STAIRS THE FIRST DAY I CAME, AND FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU"

She felt his eyes upon her. "Ah! indeed!" he said rather abstractedly. "What an unusual arrangement!" He stood a minute longer watching her and then went out onto the porch. Mary, who, after the first dazed stare had kept her eyes on the chocolate kettle, took a swift glance at his retreating form. There was no visible halo. Instead of that his broad shoulders adorned with a shabby red cape beneath which hung solemnly the tails of his dress-coat moved her to disrespectful smiling.

"You ought not to laugh at me after lending me the cape."

He came in and closed the door behind him. His eyes were ostensibly on the frescoes with which Mary had adorned the calcimined walls.

"I wonder who did these," he said with the effect of desiring it understood that he was not addressing anyone in particular. "She slipped up on her sky-line here."

Miss Meredith opened her lips to speak, but closed them again and turned the blaze lower.

"What is it?" said Mr. Robertson. "Don't you like having your kitchen criticized? It is an uncommonly neat little place"—glancing around—"the Dutch effect is well carried out." He nodded approvingly at some Delft tiles. Then he looked back at Mary. "It ought not to be Dutch at all, though," he said slowly, "if one considers it as a setting. It ought to be in clear marbles with a rose-garden seen through pillars. It ought to have——" Again he realized that he had sought this part of the house for air and not to tell the cook that she was classic in type. He retired to the porch and Miss Meredith allowed the corners of her lips to curl maliciously upward.

"You were laughing again," he said, standing in the doorway.

She lifted the spoon and watched the chocolate drip from it. "I did not know you were looking," she said untruthfully.

"I was looking at the frescoes," said Mr. Robertson, also untruthfully.

"Is the sky-line better from the back porch?" she inquired.

"It is very bad from any place," he responded.

"Ah!" said Mary.

Mr. Robertson came in and took a turn around the room, eyeing the frescoes abstractedly. He paused beside the stove, "What did you mean by that 'Ah!'?" he demanded.

And at that instant from the other apartment came the voice of Mrs. Gardiner. "Dale!" she called.

He looked a speechless request at Mary and fled to the porch.

"Katie!" called Mrs. Gardiner. She appeared to be looking from her own dark kitchen to her neighbor's brightly lighted one, but no one was within her range of vision. She called "Katie" again in a voice increasingly anxious. Then she went back.

Mr. Robertson came in, looking half-ashamed and half-jubilant. "Why didn't you answer her?" he asked.

"I?" said Mary, surprised.

"Yes, she called 'Katie!'"

"Why didn't you answer yourself?" returned the cook; "she called 'Dale!'"

Mr. Robertson was very silent. "I half wish I hadn't come, Katie," he said slowly, "it's so hard to go. Did anyone ever paint you, Katie?"

"I've had a life-size crayon done from a photograph," said Mary.

"CONSIDERED AS A SETTING," SAID MR. ROBERTSON, "IT OUGHT TO BE IN CLEAR MARBLES WITH A ROSE-GARDEN SEEN THROUGH PILLARS"

"Heavens! Frame and all for a dollar!" He stood and stared at her as she looked into the kettle. "Pale gold," he said to himself, "and clear ivory and the blue of the violets that Sappho was crowned with. I can feel the breeze from sunlit Grecian seas, Katie. I can see——" He broke off and strolled away again. A box of crayons stood on the window-sill. He picked up a crayon absently and went back to the corner where the defective sky-line was. The red golf cape slipped *a la cavalier* from one shoulder. He put in a line, then another.

Mary forgot the chocolate. She stood with dripping, upraised spoon, her awed gaze on the seemingly careless strokes with which Dale Robertson was transforming her landscape. Her indrawn breath smote his ear. He wheeled suddenly and stared at her.

"Why, Katie——!" he said. The red cape slipped to the floor. He took one step forward.

A sudden burst of voices and laughter! A rush of feet in the little hall. From the doorway Mrs. Gardiner, her plump and charming face wrinkled into wondering laughter, her guests crowding and peering behind her, stared into Mary's kitchen. Miss Meredith, with chocolate spoon upraised, stared back. Mr. Robertson, crayon in outstretched hand, frowned in the background.

"Dale!" rippled Mrs. Gardiner's pretty apologetic voice. "What in the world——" and then came another interruption.

"Won't you please let me in with the cream?" implored a voice from the rear, and Katie, her cap on one side, her face scarlet and perspiring, pushed her way through the guests and confronted her mistress. "I dropped the cream," she said, "and the depot was shut and I've been runnin'——" her voice broke on the verge of tears.

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Rosa Experiments

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

LILLY and the twins and Rosa rushed noisily in from school crying variously, "Wanta doughnut!" "Doughnuts!" "*Doughnuts*!" and "Mayn't I have a raisin-cooky?"

"Wait a minute," laughed Mrs. Remson. "You haven't any of you said a word to Aunt Vance."

The four faces sobered instantly. "Halloo," said the twins, dismally.

"How d'you do?" asked Rosa, shyly, as she drew nearer and held out her thin little hand. Aunt Remson smiled, the gentle smile she unconsciously reserved for her motherless niece.

"My land," wheezed Aunt Vance, "this child gets more pindling all the time. William, even if he is a boy, has got more fat on his bones that she has."

"I weigh seventy-nine pounds," chanted Billy, proudly, "and I grew four inches just this last year."

"Sounded like it when you come up the steps," responded his aunt, dryly.

"Now can I have a doughnut?" he demanded, turning to his mother.

"Do you think it's good for them to eat between meals?" put in Aunt Vance.

"They do get so hungry," murmured Mrs. Remson. "Meg's doughnuts never seem to hurt anyone, either."

"Well, I think all sweets are bad," sighed Aunt Vance, putting her hand to her cushiony side. "Doctor Flannery has positively forbid my touching them."

Rosa, rummaging in the cooky jar a moment later, peered naughtily across the lid at her cousins.

"Doc-tor Flummerty has pos-i-tively forbid," she mimicked, closing her eyes and sighing melodramatically.

"Gosh, but I hate Aunt Vance," sputtered Billy, his mouth full of doughnut. "She makes me think of mush."

Rosa shivered. "I'm glad my this year's stay is over there," she sighed, "only Ann Mary is nice. I love her Ann Mary. You'd like Ann Mary, Billy, for she makes the grandest apple pie."

"Shouldn't," snapped Billy, "shouldn't like any place nur anybody where Aunt Vance was."

"I shouldn't," decided the blue-eyed twin, "I shouldn't, either."

The brown-eyed one giggled. "I should," she insisted, impishly, "I *certainly* should."

"You should not," shrieked the other as they chased madly from the pantry. "You should not," her thin voice screamed, "'cause you're my twin and you couldn't."

"Could!" taunted the other from the grape-arbor fence. Billy and Rosa sauntered forth to watch the combat.

"What are you hanging 'round here for?" asked Rosa curiously as she nibbled close to the raisin.

"Crowd's gone to Bat Weaver's," he responded, laconically.

"Play hy-spy if I get enough kids?" demanded Rosa.

Billy considered, loftily. He hated playing with girls; it was only a little better than not playing at all. But in view of his recent difficulties with Bat Weaver he could not consistently enter into the neighborhood revelries, so when she had rounded up the twins, the three Schuyler girls, and the boy who had just moved across the street, he consented to "count out" with a glib twisting of the mystic formula that elected the new boy "it." Rosa wriggled breathlessly through the cellar window to a snug nook under the side veranda. As she squirmed close to the lattice to peer out at the new boy, who was chanting monotonously "forty-fi-an-fifty-fifty-fi-an-sixty—"she observed that his half-shut eyes were slyly searching the landscape.

"O-oo-ooh, the little cheat," she

"COME, OPEN THE DOOR!"

"O-OH, THE LITTLE CHEAT!" SHE THOUGHT. "JUST WAIT TILL I TELL BILL ON HI"

"I WON'T!" SOBBED ROSA, AND THEN THE DOOR GAVE WAY WITH A CRASH

thought, disgustedly. "Wait till I tell Bill on him."

Above her she could hear the creaking of Aunt Vance's rocker Her dolorous voice sounded disagreeably clear above the creaking.

"You ought to put a stop to her stromping around so," said the lady, severely. "She isn't allowed to romp around so at my house; to my mind thirteen is altogether too big for such goings on." Rosa stuck out her tongue in the darkness. But she grinned when she heard Aunt Remson's laugh.

"She's just a little girl, really," said Aunt Remson. "I haven't the heart to stop her fun, Kate, I simply haven't. Did you notice what beautiful manners she has? Didn't she greet you nicely?" Rosa's head lifted proudly

"Huh, manners is all that ever will be beautiful about her," grunted Aunt Vance. "My land, I never saw such a limpsey-looking child anywhere. She certainly don't get her plain looks from the Stephenson side and I will say her mother was right pretty whatever else she was. It's a mystery to me how she can be so downright homely."

"Just growing fast," said Aunt Remson, lightly. "She has lovely eyes and I think she will be a great deal prettier in a year or so."

"Pretty!" snapped her sister-in-law. "That gawky little thing pretty! Don't be such a fool, Jane. I said to Ben when I sent her on to you last month that it was no wonder to me Frederick didn't mind not seeing her mor'n twice a year. She just gets on my nerves. I could stand her staring eyes and her pindlingness—but that hair! Just stringy-looking, I call it—you can't even braid it smooth. Put it in one braid and it's crooked—two of 'em simply look like rat-tails."

Rosa's hand was over her mouth smothering an impulsive gasp of protest as she hunched herself into a defiant little heap behind the lattice. "Hateful ole thing!" she whispered, hotly. "She's jus' stringy-looking, too! Ole, fat, bunchy-looking stringy! Don't care at all, I don't!"

But she yanked a slender braid over her shoulder and eyed it curiously. It was undeniably limp and thin. The anger died in her great eyes and she stared, bewildered. She was quite unconscious of Aunt Remson's eager defense. She did not see the new boy peering through the lattice; she hardly heard him whooping joyously a moment later: "Touched the bye for Rosie! Yah, she's it!"

She pulled herself wearily through the cellar window, crawled up the stairs and out onto the back veranda.

"I'm not playing any more after I'm it," she announced, tragically. "I wouldn't play now, only I'm it."

The twins stared at her. "Aw, you got up this game," sputtered Billy. "I wouldn't be a quitter when I'd gone and started a game."

She turned her back mechanically and began counting with an aching throat, "Fi-ten-fifteen—" Unconquerable tears forced themselves through her tightly closed eyelids. When the game was over she refused to give any explanation, but stalked stiffly into the house and upstairs to her bedroom.

Her fingers were shaking as she turned the key and listened. Nobody was following her. Standing with her back to the door she gazed straight across the room to the dressing-table mirror. With the blessed unconsciousness of childhood she had never thought very much about her actual appearance. Her birdlike glances at the mirror had been to gaze proudly at the pretty frills Aunt Remson fashioned, or to scowl at the prim collars Aunt Vance always bought. But now, for the first time, she was facing with desperate eyes a somebody she had never seen before. Somebody with straggling hair, with a stubby little nose, with freckles and awkward teeth, and with eyes so big and sorrowful that she hid her face in her hands and wept.

As she probed for a handkerchief her fingers touched the leather case that held her father's picture. The sobs grew quieter for a moment as she looked through her streaming tears at the beloved face, but a new misery was crowding fast upon her first grief. A great pity for the unhappy father of so ugly a daughter possessed her. It seemed to her that all the sorrow of those mournful eyes, all the sadness of the smileless mouth, meant that he grieved because he was ashamed of his unlovely child.

On the wall beside her was the calendar with the days checked off with tiny dots so the others could not see and laugh. Only last night she had fallen asleep tingling with delight as she counted the days until she could hear the deep tones of his dear voice and feel the swift touch of his lips as he kissed her. And all those beautiful

dreams of the time when they should live together were dying as she stared at the picture. He would never want her—he didn't want her now!

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, crouching on the bedside rug, "it isn't fair—not a bit fair! You didn't have a right to let me grow so homely that he couldn't love me. It isn't fair at all!"

Presently she heard the twins pounding on her door. "We're playing millinery store!" shrieked Elsa. "Come on out and trim hats! We found elegunt trimmin's up in the attic!"

She opened the door slowly. They looked sharply at the traces of her grief and demanded its reason. "My tooth ached," she lied bravely, and then sucked remorsefully at her molar to rouse a tiny hole to action so it would not be a lie.

Elsa promptly put her grimy fingers to her cherubic mouth and drew forth an elastic string of gum which she rolled knowingly in her smudgy palm. 'Stuff it in good and hard," she admonished, holding it out to her cousin. "Don't go and tell mamma, 'cause the new dentrist hurts somethin' fierce. I'm never going to tell on a tooth again as long as I live!"

The twins were fearfully and wonderfully arrayed as became real millliners, in sweeping skirts and elaborate bodices. Elsa was adorned with a gorgeous necklace which, in its humbler, prehistoric days, had begun existence as a brass curtain chain. Eloise's jewels were more simple, but quite as effective. From a lengthy green ribbon about her neck there dangled a queer-looking locket. "It's ole black tin, I guess. I play it's a vanerty box, only it won't open," she scolded, "not even when you bite it."

But when Mrs. Remson sought for them at supper-time she caught at the "vanerty box" with an exclamation of surprise.

"It's Frederick's old gutta-percha locket," she explained to her sister-in-law. "He wore it on his first watch-fob and we used to tease him so about it." She flicked her thumb-nail at the spring fastening as the children crowded eagerly about her. The locket flew open.

"And I found that!" breathed Eloise in awe-stricken delight. "I found it right in that old yellow box! Oh, my soul!"

"Who is the pretty lady?" asked Rosa shyly.

Aunt Remson put the locket gently into the girl's hand. "It's your mother, sweetheart," she said.

Rosa's fingers closed swiftly over it as she fled. Upstairs once more, crouching on the bedside rug again, she gazed rapturously at her treasure. The locket was fat and thick, and under the dusty glass shone a queer old tintype. The cheeks were tinted very pink, the hair very yellow. It was not stringy-looking hair; it was wonderful curly hair. The eyes smiled; the lips smiled; Rosa smiled back at them happily.

"Oo-ooh, aren't you swe-eet!" she murmured, hugging her hands to her heart so tightly that the locket hurt her. "Oo-ooh, you are so sweet!"

She looked at it again, drawing long, happy breaths. This was a very much nicer mother than the faded photograph with tired eyes that hung on Aunt Remson's wall. In the other side of the locket, pressed under the glass, was a curl of yellow hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon. On the little oval paper was written in very small letters: "To Frederick, from Goldilocks."

Rosa looked at the curl even longer than she had stared at the picture. At supper, as she slid into her chair, her eyes were shining. Aunt Remson smiled understandingly. She did not mention the locket. But Aunt Vance, sipping her cup of substitute coffee, remembered.

"Rosa, what did you do with that picture?" she asked, sternly. "It ought not to get lost again, seeing your mother's dead. Ben, did you know the children found a picture of Rosalie to-day? Tintype—in guttapercha. I think you ought to put it in your safe until Frederick comes."

For the third time in that awful day Rosa fled to her room. Elsa dropped her fork in amazement. "Aren't you going to make her behave, mamma?" she asked. "She is so rude to-day. She jumps off like a squirrel."

In the twilight, with Aunt Remson's hand on the stringy-looking hair, she stopped her sobbing.

"Honest, shan't she?" she questioned, doubtfully. "Honest, won't you let her?"

"Honest, she shan't," comforted Aunt Remson. "It's quite yours until father comes, and I'm sure he'll let you have it."

Rosa was silent a very long time. "Aunt Remson," she said, timidly, "do you love folks—folks who aren't pretty?"

"Um-m," murmured Aunt Remson, her mouth close to the hot cheek. "And folks who are pretty and sweet and who go to bed right away quick when their aunty says bedtime. Good-night, dear; I've got to tuck the twins in or we'll have double croup."

Long after the others were asleep Rosa lay wide-eyed and tried to forget the homely little face of the mirror and remember only the pretty new mother. She did not cry about it any more.

"I guess," she thought, as she grew blessedly drowsy, "I guess the Lord wouldn't have been so good to a regular pretty girl and sent her this locket. He must jus' know how I needed you." She kissed the locket. "'Course he couldn't love me very lots, father couldn't, after having you—but I want him to!"

During the rest of Aunt Vance's visit, and indeed long after she had happily terminated her stay, Rosa was quiet enough to satisfy the most exacting aunt. She moped over her books or sat lost in day-dreams. Once, to be sure, she convulsed them all with one of her old-time pranks. She floated to bed chuckling, her head covered with grotesquely lumpy spots, "kids" borrowed from Sadie Atwater and laboriously adjusted according to the profuse directions upon a box.

The before-breakfast frolic the morning following was hilarious. They were not successful curls that the "kids" had produced on Rosa's head. Her fine locks were hopelessly tangled in unaccustomed coils; they stood out facetiously at the wrong places and were wickedly straight in sections. Aunt Remson found the girl and her cousins in gales of laughter. Without an obliterating shampoo school was out of the question. Of course it was all very funny, but somehow there was a nervous strain in Rosa's laughter.

"I s'pose," she said, soberly, with her head over the radiator in a frenzied attempt to get properly dried before school, "I s'pose, Aunty Rem, that if the Lord hasn't time to make you curly you can't do it yourself. Probably Sadie's hair is a weeny bit curly anyhow."

After all these sober days Aunt Remson sighed with relief one afternoon when she heard Rosa's little gurgle of laughter and watched her race excitedly into the house with the others. The absurd cause of the children's glee brought tears of mirth to her eyes.

"The bottle man is coming!" shrieked Billy. "Us four is going to get milleryuns of bottles for him!"

"Two cents for big ones this year!" cried Rosa, with shining eyes. "I know where there's a whole raft of 'em!"

"'Nd a cent for mejum sizes!" panted Elsa.

"Teenys a cent 'nd two for a cent, mamma!" Eloise screamed.

Whence came the mysterious rumor no one seemed to know, but the entire neighborhood engaged busily in the absorbing pursuit. The Remson children ransacked the attic, the medicine chest, the pantry shelves, and even the stable. They pleaded with Jake, the stable boy, to put his liniments and oils into tin cans; they prowled behind the garden fence, they tramped miles to rumored dumpheaps. For two exciting days the hunt raged and then, perforce, for lack of game, the hunters gave up the chase.

Coming back the last afternoon from a hunt that had yielded only two small "painkillers" and a cracked fruit jar, Billy and Rosa added and counted as they trudged along a cross-lots path.

"Gee whosh!" said Billy, stopping abruptly. "I know a bully place!"

"Where?" demanded Rosa.

"Mis' Thompson's house."

Rosa snorted her disgust. "Could'n't 'go there," she objected. "Aunty wouldn't let us. She'd be awful 'shamed if anybody saw us."

"Women make me tired," grunted Billy, "all knocking her all the time. Promise not to squeal? Honest? Well, I've been there!"

He gloated over Rosa's horror and went on, boastfully: "Yep, twice. She called me in to fix her birdhouse up on her stoop, and then she let me hear her funnygraft, and she let me run it myself, too; gee, I think it's a peacherino. I don't see why ma's so down on funnygrafts."

"Oh," gasped Rosa, in dismay. "You mustn't ever go there again, Billy; nobody goes to her house."

"I do," asserted Billy, independently, "and I say she's all right. Folks are jus' jealous of her. Gee, hain't her hair grand!"

"Yes," agreed Rosa, soberly.

"She's got awful swell clothes, too," Billy went on. "I should think folks would like her 'stead of being so down on her."

"But Mrs. Rensselaer Brown says she's simply imposs'ble," insisted his cousin, "and nobody does know her."

"Hold this basket," ordered Billy, with masculine decision. "I'm going to sneak around and ask. I'll bet we get a slew."

Rosa waited, timorously. Mis' Thompson, it appeared, was not at home, but her maid good-humoredly collected a great many bottles, at least fifteen cents' worth they reckoned as they trotted home with the heavy basket. They found the twins busily scrubbing in the kitchen. It was Meg's afternoon out and Eloise had been seized with a brilliant notion. The bottle man might pay more for clean bottles! Billy and Rosa joyously agreed it was a splendid idea. And as they smeared themselves with soap they squabbled happily over what should be the division of profits and speculated gleefully over the probable envy of their less energetic neighbors.

"Ole Miss Johnson's rheumatism comes in grand bottles," chuckled Elsa, as she tried a nutmeg grater on a refractory label.

"Currycomb couldn't get that off," Billy grunted, throwing down the can-opener in disgust. 'Gee, girls always want to wash things. I'll bet he won't pay a cent more. I'm not going to wash. Jake said I could go to the blacksmith's with him. Mind you don't touch mine while I'm gone." But late in the afternoon when he counted up his bottles he was certain that one was gone. He wasn't exactly sure, but he thought it was a very large two-cent one, and he vehemently accused the twins of having smashed it. After their mother had quelled the inevitable strife she sighed a little.

"Children are such savages," she said to Meg as she helped the irate maid clear the disordered kitchen. "Seems to me they wrangle constantly."

"Miss Rosa doesn't," drawled Meg. "She's still as a lamb 'nd she helped wash oop a bit, too."

"She's a dear little soul," said Mrs. Remson.

"But then," she added in humorous defense of her own, "just before father comes she's good as she can be!"

For it was only two days more! And then he would come! Rosa asked shyly for light-blue hair ribbons instead of the customary dark ones.

AUNT REMSON PUT THE OLIVE BRANCH IN ELOISE'S HAND. "IT'S YOUR MOTHER'S SWEETHEART," SHE SAID

"And I want my birthday dollar," she said. "I guess I won't wait till Christmas to spend it."

Aunt Remson patted her cheek as she gave her the money. "Is father going to have a present, too, this time?" she laughed.

Rosa nodded, her eyes shining. "A lovely one!" she sighed, "a lovely one that's a surprise. You couldn't guess it at all!"

Her happy anticipation made Mrs. Remson sigh. She seemed filled with delight, quivering with joy. Her cheeks flushed softly, her eyes shone. The chubby prettiness of the twins seemed ordinary enough beside the tremulous happiness that made the plain little face lovely. Mr. Stephenson would arrive on a seven o'clock train. That meant late supper and naps for the girls. For dear Aunt Remson, who couldn't keep secrets at all, hinted broadly that Uncle Frederick was planning an evening treat.

Climbing the stairs for the nap, Rosa looked down at her aunt in the hall and kissed her hand prettily. She shut the door of her room softly, locked it, and danced gleefully to the mirror.

"Rosa Fredericka! Rosa Fredericka!" she whispered, "you're going to be jus' lovely! Perfectly lovely!"

Aunt Remson tapped softly at her door at six o'clock. "Wake up, lazy bird!" she cried.

A muffled sound reached her. "Rosa, open the door for me. I want to help you dress—here are the new hair ribbons."

"I—I can't open the door," faltered Rosa.

"Can't open it! What did you lock it for? Don't you know that lock sticks? I'll shake and you lift up. That will do it."

"I don't want to," Rosa said, in a very small voice. "Please don't ask—me—I can't."

Mrs. Remson stood still and thought.

"Rosie, dear," she said, softly, "it's almost time for father. Aren't——"

"I know," said Rosa, brokenly. "Don't tell me—don't tell me!"

"Do you want to stay here until he comes?" asked the perplexed woman.

"I guess I do," faltered Rosa, and as she heard her aunt's retreating steps she pressed her face against the door and sobbed. Aunt Remson went back swiftly.

"Rosa," said she, shaking the door sharply, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No'm, I—I"—a white envelope was pushed under the door—"I can't see my father—I—you give him this letter."

Mr. Stephenson and his surprise arrived at the same time. A great touring car stopped in front of the house, a long-coated figure leaped out and caught at the twins and Billy. Rosa stared through her peep-hole in the blind.

"Where's my daughter?" cried the beloved voice. "Who's hidden my daughter? She what?" he demanded—"a letter? Goodness, how formal!"

He read the letter standing on the step below the window. "Heavens, Jane!" he caught his sister's face in his hands, "what's all this about?"

"I don't know," she answered, kissing him, with a smile of relief. "I thought it must be serious. The poor child seemed to feel bad over it."

He tucked the letter into her hands. "The blue room?" he asked, and was off before she nodded. Then Mrs. Remson read the letter.

He had bounded up the stairs and was standing at her door.

"Daughter!" he said, softly.

"Father, dear!" cried Rosa, "*please, please* go away till it is dark!"

"It's nearly dark now. Hurry out! They're all waiting! We're all going down the river for a ride and dinner!" The door did not open.

"Daughter," his voice was stern now, "I want you to come out directly."

"I can't—I can't," insisted Rosa, stubbornly. "You mustn't ask me, for I can't."

"If it's the nun business," he said, brusquely, "you can tell me that to-morrow Come, open the door!"

"I won't!" she sobbed.

The quick temper he thought he had lost in his years of suffering flared out. The door gave way with a crash that sent her flying wildly to the farthest corner. She was weak with fright when she heard him stumbling over her little stool in the darkness. He fumbled for the light, caught at the swinging bulb and snapped it on sharply.

Her slender form looked almost ludicrously small, shrinking back against the darkly polished door of the wardrobe. Her dress was disordered, her head swathed ridiculously in a fringed bath-towel, and her eyes, swollen with weeping, blinked. She shielded them from the light with a quick lift of her crooked elbow. Somehow the movement irritated him.

"Good Lord! I'm not going to beat you," he burst out, angrily. "Come here to me!"

She did not move. "Come here!" he repeated.

"Go away!" she begged, piteously. "Please go away!"

The abject terror in her voice gave him a curious thrill of sympathetic fright. "What's the matter?" he asked, more gently.

"I can't tell," she murmured. "You—you—you mustn't ask me."

He stood still a moment, completely bewildered

"If I were you," he said, awkwardly, as though he were wheedling an hysterical woman, "I'd wash my face and take off that silly towel and put on a pretty frock. They're waiting, you know."

"I can't!" she moaned.

"What utter nonsense!" he said, sharply, stepping toward her, "what foolish—" In front of the little dressing-table he stopped abruptly.

The locket was there It was propped open on top of a pile of schoolbooks, and the curl, which had been imprisoned for so many years, lay loose beside it. He was silent so long, standing with his back to her, that she hid her face in her hands.

"Rosalie," he murmured, "Rosalie—"

The room was quite still; Rosalie's daughter was forgotten. He drew a long breath and reached for the locket. It was then that he saw for the first time the tall bottle with the gaudy label that stood beside the books. He picked it up, curiously, and began reading the delusive words that his daughter had read the fateful day she scrubbed Mrs. Thompson's empty bottle: "*Warranted to produce a rich, glossy, natural golden shade defying detection. Unusually lasting 'n results, exceptionally easy to apply*!"

He strode across the room and jerked the towel from her head. Matted and dampened, one side oddly splotched with brown and the other bleached a vivid yellow, the little head bent low under his startled gaze. She flung herself at his feet in the agony of her humiliation.

"Don't—don't look at it," she cried. "It—it said beautiful golden, but it told an awful lie—that bottle! I truly didn't mean to be bad—I just wanted to make it nice so's you'd love me. But if I'm a nun it won't matter. Their hair don't show at all. Please let me be a nun and don't—don't scold me! Anyway not to-night, because to-night I thought you'd be calling me Goldilocks!"

In the long moment that he stared down at the ridiculous little figure, a sharp consciousness of his years of selfish devotion to the dead and his grudging love for the living swept over him. He turned down the merciless light and in the darkness bent over his little girl.

"Daughter, dear!" he murmured, pityingly, as he caught her in his arms and kissed the stained tresses. "Daughter, dear!"

The long-ago endearment faltered on his lips, the memory of it was cruelly poignant, but his broken whispers sounded in her ears like heavenly music.

"Goldilocks!" he sighed. "My dear little Goldilocks!"

Concerning Greta Greer

Part III.

IN WHICH THERE IS A CONFESSION AND AN AWAKENING, AND WHERE DR DARE FINDS HIMSELF THE RECIPIENT OF CONFIDENCES FROM TWO DISTRESSED WOMEN

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strange, and Dare is learning his chosen profession and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs. Threckmeyer, a hoarse old, ungracious social matron, Miss Kelly, a little schoolteacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the case excitedly. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer and determines to protect her if need should arise. Secretly Mr. Threckmeyer sends for Dr. Dare and Cunningham tells Dare that he has just discovered Mrs. Beaufort's jewel-laden dressing bag, along with a note from her niece, Jean saying that she [illegible] if her aunt will ever forgive her. Since she used to be a victim of kleptomania, Mrs. Threckmeyer is sure she has stolen the Beaufort jewels and in a fit of remorse, put them in her aunt's bag. Billy Cunningham receives the news with delight, crying "Heaven bless dear little Jean. Believe me, it's awful to be in love!" and rushes off to the Marconi-man.

CHAPTER VII

"Won't you walk on the deck with me, Miss Greer?"

Dare leaned a little over the back of her chair at dinner the same night and tried not to be too eager.

The captain spoke.

"I was just saying that a breath of fresh air would be the best thing in the world to deal with that hot-house look of Miss Greer's. It is beautiful, of course, and all of the women envy her, but for a hardy, weather-beaten seaman like myself—well, it savors of the unearthly; I fear some day to look up and find her floating away on a green cloud."

The girl rose, smiling slightly.

"I had no idea men were such minute observers," she said. "Thank you, Dr. Dare, I should like a turn."

The doctor did not see the long expressive look, which, in passing, she gave the captain. He answered her with a mute appeal to which she silently responded by a slight inclination of her head. Captain Mole looked wistfully after the disappearing figures.

Although the storm was over the decks were very wet, and it was quite cold in unsheltered places.

Dr. Dare spoke of it. "Let us sit here," he suggested, as they passed two chairs. "It is not so chilly and we may be able to get a good view of the comet."

"The comet?" echoed his companion. "Why, you can't see the comet any more. The last view I had of it was two years ago, and through a glass, at that."

Dare pretended to look puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said. "I thought old Halley promised us a sight of it every seventy-five years."

"Well?"

"Surely it has been seventy-five years since I last saw you." He did not smile.

Greta Greer laughed outright. It was a delicious throaty sound and thrilled the man.

"Compliments as neatly wrapped as that are rare," she said, still laughing. "I confess that you took me greatly by surprise and I have no frantically clever answer ready."

"It is a bore to be frantically clever with some people," returned Dare. "We hoard our epigrams as a rule for people with whom we can't be wholly natural or 'at home.' Seriously, though, I would like to say that I have missed you, whom I dare think of as a kindred spirit."

She changed color slightly, and traced the designs on her gown.

"I have found the time irksome since we sailed, too—er—I have not been very well."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Dare's voice was sincerely sympathetic. "I have several remedies for *mal de mer* and between them all, the patient usually gets something efficacious."

The girl opened her lips to speak, thought again and remained silent then as her companion turned to her, she said, "Thank you!"

They remained together a long time, not always talking, but wholly entertained and satisfied with silences.

Dare did not try to project himself into her thoughts at all, he allowed himself to drift—bending his mental energies solely upon the channels of thought she suggested. Although many times throughout the evening she seemed wistful, femininely weak and yielding, the doctor found no trace of the tragedy he had associated so indissolubly from her. She seemed quite normal and entirely charming. Consequently, he was somewhat unprepared, when after a long silence she leaned toward him and said:

"Dr. Dare, I want to ask you about something vitally important to me, I suppose I want to 'consult' you. Your sympathies are always with those of us who are too weak to resist temptation, aren't they?"

Ellis Dare bowed mutely. The old suspicion returned more vividly than ever, the normal woman had vanished leaving in her stead an abnormal creature staggering under tragedy. He looked from the tightly clasped hands to the drawn lips and then into pulsing, heavy-lidded eyes and could find no words to answer.

"I am one of those unfortunates," the girl went on, "Oh, *do* you think you can help me?"

"I can't tell, Miss Greer. I can't tell you that I *can* but I am going to say with deep earnestness that there is nothing I will not do; there is no path too difficult for me to try. Will you tell me about it?"

"I shan't go far back, to-night," Greta Greer began, "I haven't the courage. I will only say that I left Mrs. Beaufort's suddenly, within an hour after getting a cable calling me to London for an urgent purpose—and—"

"Wait just a moment!" Dare leaned forward, tensely, and looked keenly into the girl's eyes. "Was that before or after Mrs. Beaufort sustained her grave loss?"

"What loss?" The question was spoken in a strained whisper.

"Don't you know that the afternoon of the day we sailed, Mrs. Beaufort had almost every piece of jewelry stolen from the safe in her country home, and that practically every detective in the

country is working on the case?"

A sharp pang stabbed Dare as he watched the look of horror and suffering which the girl could not control. She seemed to pass with torturing swiftness through staggering surprise, sympathetic grief, then unalterable horror. Twice she tried to speak, could not find her breath, and choked. Finally, just as Dare, unable to bear the sight of her tragic eyes longer, was about to continue with the story, she leaned toward him and moaned:

"God pity me, Dr. Dare! I suppose every one will have to know, now, for it was *my* doing."

He caught her to him—she had fainted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was no sleep for Dare that night; he alternately paced the deck and his small stateroom in frenzied uncertainty. Reviewing the whole situation as well as he could follow it, he found himself no nearer its solution than on the first night out at sea. Greta Greer had been the guest of Mrs. Beaufort, had left suddenly, mysteriously, just about the hour of the robbery. She refused to allow the stewardess to enter the room and to Dare's trained eye she carried about with her the burden of a great sorrow. Added to the impression he had, were her words—"It was *my* doing!" She plainly acknowledged her guilt—or at least her complicity in the crime. At the same time, it was obvious that she had known absolutely nothing of the robbery until he had told her—her part had been played unconsciously, without a realization of its meaning.

Perhaps it was a case of hypnotism—mental suggestion or the like; she may have remembered allowing an experiment, but nothing more. An unscrupulous person could easily have possessed himself of the jewels in such a manner. But in such an event, while Mrs. Beaufort's loss would be as great, there would be no stigma attached to her guest—nothing to account for her horror when she heard of the robbery. Possibly she had been duped by a trusted servant or one of the other guests, in which case it might be unpleasant and difficult for her to make an accusation and prove it. These and many other loop holes he made for her but they did not seem to fit the occasion. He could not force himself to a decision one way or the other—she might be guilty or she might not. Not merely because of his sympathy for criminals, his heart went out to her, lonely, reserved, tragic; but he found himself more wholly anxious to accept her first and help her afterward. He did not shrink from her even while holding to the thought that she might be guilty.

He had carried her to her stateroom with Captain Myles' assistance. He had gone through the necessary steps toward bringing her to consciousness while the other man had stood silently by. He had taken but a fleeting glance about her room, which now that he thought of it seemed crowded with trophies such as one expects to find in a curio shop—portions of armour, lances, garlands made of gold leaf, and many other pieces which Dare had just time to notice. Mingled with some subtle perfume was an odor which puzzled the doctor and just at the moment distracted him.

The girl returned to consciousness slowly and partly opened her eyes. Dare's pulses leapt, the room swam, impulsive words of love throbbed for utterance. He bent forward, forgetting the captain's presence.

"Will you leave me now?" whispered Greta Greer, "I shall want you—you both—later. I must think."

That was all which passed between them, for as by common consent, the men had separated outside her door with the briefest "Good night," and with the air that nothing unusual had come under their notice.

And within the stateroom this other woman was trying to frame words with which to lay bare her soul . . .

Then he argued from another standpoint—Mrs. Threckmeyer held a confession from her niece, also an inmate of the Beaufort house, and an acknowledged kleptomaniac. She even *had* some of the stolen jewels!

It was hardly possible that Mrs. Threckmeyer herself was a party to the crime, in fact Dare did not share her belief that the niece was guilty, in spite of her note.

As to her having the jewels, once more he thought of Greta Greer as the subject of some one's will, and he longed to murder this unknown Svengali who had possibly ordered her to carry the chamois bag to Mrs. Threckmeyer's stateroom! If she had not the strength to resist these commands, *he* had, and he would use it provided she would allow him. His head burned and his lips grew dry as he sat on the edge of his berth thinking. Again the subtle pervading odor occurred to him and he lifted his hand to his nostrils. Yes, it was there and it also clung to his shoulder where her head had lain.

He looked at his watch, and found that it was two o'clock. Evidently the girl had not made up her mind as to what she wished to say, and wouldn't send for him that night.

Perhaps the captain had not gone to sleep. He would see. Certainly he knew something of Greta Greer.

The sky had cleared, and there was a wonderful August moon low in the heavens. The sea was calm, reflecting the ship's lights in long wavering lines; a deep silence reigned as Dare walked softly forward.

He knocked once and entered.

The captain sat in a leather chair, his head thrown back, his eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. But for the grip he had upon the arms of his chair one might [illegible] quietly resting and dreaming of peaceful days. He did not move when Dare entered the room nor did he speak.

"You expected me?" asked the doctor, stepping close and looking down at him.

"Rather," answered the other slowly. "Will you sit down?"

The veins on the back of his hands seemed to beat, and his knuckles were drawn and white

Dare seated himself in a chair opposite the captain and refused a cigar. He was neither an inveterate nor a nervous smoker.

"She told you to-night," asked Myles at last [illegible] further particularization [illegible]

"Yes she told me some [illegible]

"And are you going to help [illegible]

"That is what I came to talk about

The captain rose suddenly from his chair and put his hand upon Dare's shoulders. They gripped him hard.

"You don't hesitate?" he cried passionately. "You have not come here to discuss her like the ordinary patient or the one to whom you give a hundredth part of your attention? You surely have not come to catechize me, Dare"

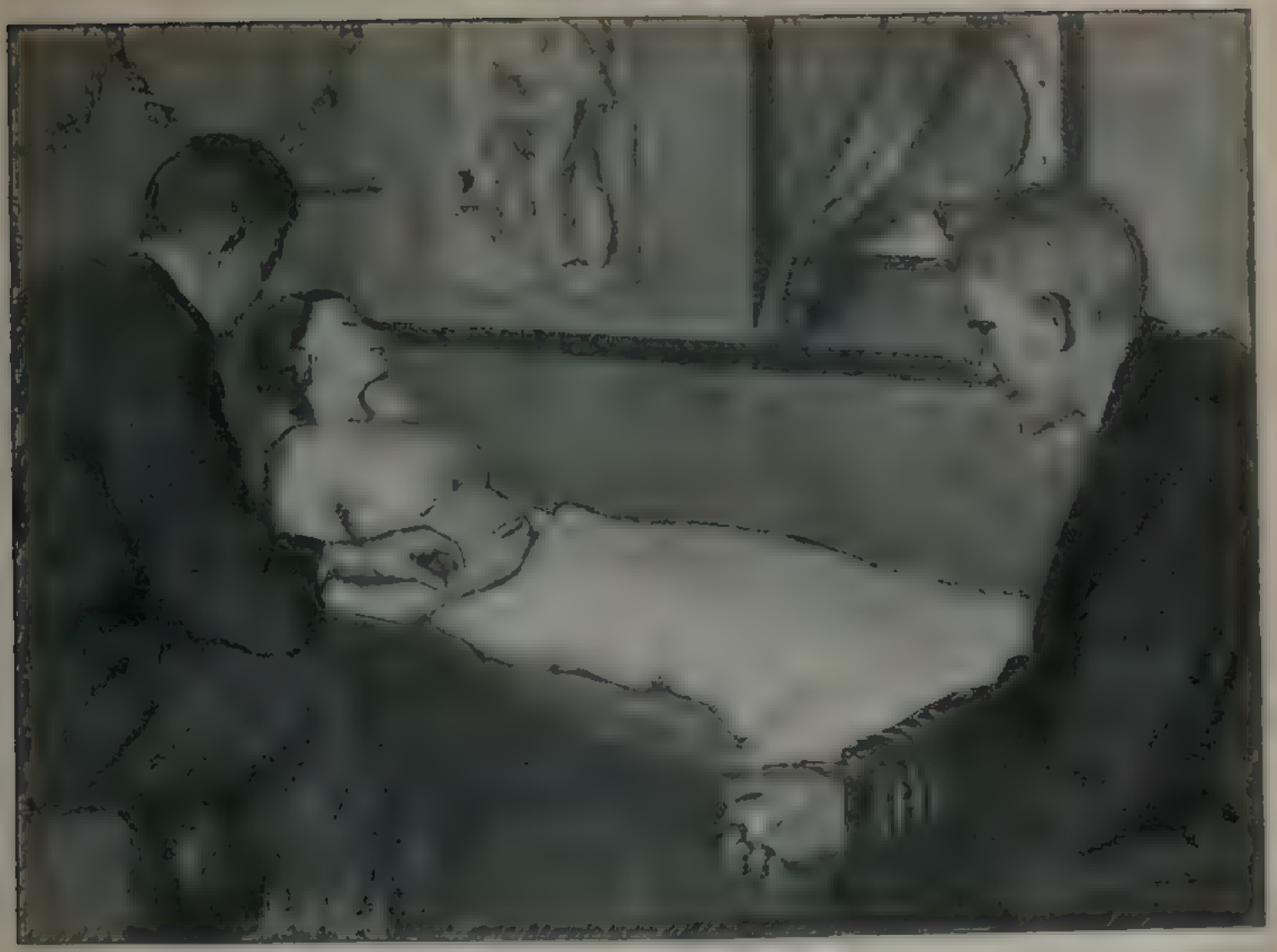
Ellis interrupted. He too, was excited but spoke with a forced calm.

"I merely want to know a way to help her, Myles—that's all."

"Find a way, man, *find a way*! With your knowledge and the opportunities you have, there's nothing you could not do. Take her somewhere and make a new woman of her, help her to forget the past—the years of burning hell she has lived through, teach her the power of her own will! She won't resist, she will do her best to respond to you—I know she will! At least make the experiment, Dare. If you fail, it can't hurt you, and if you succeed—"

"Wait a moment!"

Dare rose too, and shook off the hands which held him. He had been thinking rapidly and now became convinced that Greta Greer *was* the victim of suggestion, under which influence she committed various crimes. He had intended to ask many questions of the captain but hastily reconsidered this, and decided to get all facts from the girl herself. This other revelation however, made by a man under high pressure of excitement, demanded different treatment



and the doctor took what he considered the only honorable course Until the present moment he had not understood the full extent of the captain's interest in Greta Greer, he had not realized that Myles, too, loved her

"Wait a moment," he repeated. "I think it only fair to tell you some of the facts which you may not know, as long as you seem to be more than casually interested. To begin with, I do not know the full extent of—er—the disease, and can promise nothing until I know that. But in any event the helping of a person so afflicted would mean this: daily, almost hourly intercourse, the closest intimacy, the making of oneself necessary and indispensable to the patient as a counter-irritant to the other, you understand; the surest and best way in the present instance to effect a cure would be to interest *her* in me, to trade upon that something in our personalities which would prove stronger than the —er—disease. Do you understand? And," he went on tensely, "I will say that I am ready and willing to do this, to take her away from the beaten track, to bury myself for years if need be, and balk at no sacrifice however great, because—I already love her."

The men stood face to face looking straight into each other's eyes. There was a long, dramatic pause, then the two clasped hands tightly, and stood so a moment

The door was thrown open, suddenly

"Beg pardon, sir," said the intruder, "I rapped, sir—twice to tell you that there's a passenger overboard

For a paralyzing moment the two men stared at each other, the same thought uppermost in their minds Then the captain broke through the open doorway with a cry

Dare remained motionless—he felt the throb of the ship as her engines ceased he was conscious that the cold air blew strongly on the back of his neck, and that he was chilled. A heavy odor seemed to enmesh him, and he again put his hand to his face. Then turning, he walked slowly out on deck, and aft, where a small crowd of officials and passengers had gathered. He dreaded to look into the satiny water, fearing lest he should see the green of a velvet gown blend with its deeper tint; he tried to blot out the image of the girl who so possessed his thoughts, but the picture of her rose before him: her white face framed with blue black hair, showing death-like in the cold gleam of the moon—he dreaded to look and yet he could not stand back while the crowd of curious strangers hung dispassionately over the rail. For an irresolute moment he stood alone, suffering the tortures of hell, then walked boldly to the side and looked down

The moon reflected its face in the rolling swells, one moment a perfect circle and the next a trailing oblong streak, the ship's lights glowed zig-zag upon the water and Dare fancied he heard a hiss as one of the passengers Judson of course,—threw away a half

(Continued on page)

As a Man Soweth

WHAT THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS OF ALBERTA ARE TEACHING. "THESE SCHOOLS," SAY THE FARMERS, "ARE WHAT WE WANT FOR OUR SONS."

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated from Photographs

THE Hired Boy had slept in. For the first time since his employment he had come down from the little loft over the barn, which served him for a bedroom, fifteen minutes late. It was precisely a quarter past five.

"Son," said the Old Farmer who had been impatiently waiting him below. "Son, yew kin git—git, lock, stock an' barril—out yew go—take yer bag an' baggage an' move along right smart. I doan' want yer 'round here nohow."

"D'ye mean it—D'ye mean it sure? D'ye want me to git, as ye say?" and the boy peered nervously into the hard old man's face, shivering in the raw morning air.

"I allus means what I sez," growled the Old Farmer viciously, "an' I repeats it. Git, an' be quick about it,' and he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards the farm gate.

"All right," assented the lad sorrowfully, "I'll git out, I'll git out, but I tell ye, I don't understan' -I don't see why."

"See why; don't understand," spluttered the old man, "Why, shucks alive, boy, what better reason cud ye have than that ye slep' in. Didn't ye, I asks, didn't ye sleep in?"

"Yep," responded the lad slowly, "I slep' in, I sure did, but it is the first time, an' (pleadingly) ain't I tried to please ye? Ain't I worked hard to follow your orders? Ain't I been willin' to do 'most anythin'?"

"Maybe ye has, an' then again, maybe ye hasn't," grudged the Old Farmer," but it don't make no difference, nohow; I tells ye Son, the farmer's boy has got to be eddicated, an' I ain't got no use for a young feller what sleeps in all forenoon."

Educate the farmer's boy. Yes, the old man was right; the hired man and the hired boy have got to be educated. That's the kind of education the farmer's boy used to get. But it's not the kind of education he's getting now, at least in the Province of Alberta.

To learn because he really wants to learn, and not because his parents or guardians send him to school; to study because in doing so he realizes he is going to be better fitted for life on the farm; to apply himself because there is pure joy in so doing, these are some of the incentives which will induce any normal boy to study; and they are the right and proper motives to a practical education. These are the motives behind the new system of agricultural education established last fall in the Province of Alberta, and that it is proving successful beyond even the fondest expectations of the Government itself, is clearly demonstrated by an overflow attendance at each of the three schools already in operation

Here's what one Old Farmer, writing to the Principal of the Government Agricultural School at Olds, thinks:—

Hastings Coule, January the 14th, 1914.

Mr. W. J. Elliott, Olds, Alberta.

Sir:—Received yours of January 7th. Seeing in your letter that the school course is too far advanced for this year, I will not send my son now, but in the fall. I was really astonished when I saw David Salon's blacksmith work. I am a mill man from Ontario. I think this is the best school a government ever established. You will find out that some of the farmers' sons will make the best of mechanics

This school is really what the farmers want for their sons.

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. L. KROETSCH.

On three of the six provincial demonstration farms established last year, agricultural schools—not colleges—have been erected and opened at Vermillion, Olds and Claresholm. They have as principals, practical experienced farmers, who have as assistants, equally practical specialists in all lines of agricultural education, live stock poultry, carpentry, farm machinery, dairying, crop selection, soil chemistry, in fact, everything that will give the boy such knowledge and practice that will enable him to make the business of farming a pleasanter and more profitable occupation. Every progressive country in the world now recognizes the necessity of giving its boys and girls the best possible educational advantages as prepara-

tion for whatever life they may elect to follow, and here is education along attractive and practical lines.

By locating these schools on the Government Demonstration farms, practical demonstration of subjects discussed daily in class are available, and at all times the assistance of the farm superintendents are available. In addition some twenty acres on each farm are set aside as experimental plots, which are under the cultivation and care of the students.

Could the hired man or boy of earlier days take up the farmer's carpentry tools and turn out a much needed wagon box in workmanlike manner? Could he ceil the inside of the new home? Bend a whiffle-tree? Put together storm window frames? Construct a wheel barrow? Replace a front door? A fence? A gate, or the hundred and one other repair jobs that are required in the operation of a farm?

You know, and I know, that he couldn't.

Could the hired man of earlier days kindle the smithy's forge and properly sharpen a plow-lay? Manufacture a chain? Bend up a hook? A clevis? A clip? A whiffle-tree end? A wagon-box iron? Weld a connection? Care for the horses' feet, and shoe them, and other frequently occurring repair jobs that are part and parcel of farm life?

You and I know he couldn't.

Could the hired man tell what ails your thorough-bred bull or dairy herd, or champion stallion when it falls sick, or prescribe treatment to restore it to health and productivity? Or judge your cattle and horses for soundness and quality?

Of course he couldn't.

Could your hired man tell you why your small gasoline engine won't work or your steam tractor refuses to move? Could he take either apart and set it up again? Could he explain either's construction and use?

Undoubtedly, he couldn't.

Could your newly hired boy discuss with you intelligently the strong and weak points of your new binder or seeder or harrow? Could he explain wind and water power?

You wouldn't expect him to.

Could he tell you how to irrigate your land properly? The plant relation to and how it is influenced by soil, fertilizers, air, moisture, heat and light? The properties of your particular kind of soil? The classification and method of improvement of farm crops, individual crops as applied to nature, culture, storing, uses and history?

No, the hired man or the farm boy of earlier days, and present days also, couldn't do any of these things. They weren't expected of him; they weren't even attributes of the farmer himself, in many cases. The hired man and the farmer's boy were machines or laborers, doing what they were told and when they were told. That was then; not now.

Now, at the end of his first year's course at one of these agricultural schools, the average farmer's boy will know a good deal about the practical manner of doing all these things, and at the conclusion of the second year, will be fully qualified. That is an education worth looking for, worth having, and one that will metamorphose the life of the boy on the farm from monotony and drudgery to variety and interest.

And don't let us forget the farmer's daughter; the present sweetheart and future wife of the farmer's boy. She has her little niche also in these new schools. She studies household science, cooking and sewing, laundrying, dressmaking, home nursing, sanitation, gardening and English, with practical work in dairy and with poultry, in fact practical education on those subjects with which a young woman as a home-maker should be familiar. And she does it, singing

The writer spent a couple of days at Olds studying the school methods and the scholars. Both were a revelation, for in other ways also, the farmer's boy and the farmer's girl were being morally and physically trained. Boarding in the homes of the town's people as they do, an honor code is in practical force between school and scholar

"You come to this school to learn, I take it," says the principal to a new scholar upon presentation, "and I want your assurance that this is so We have no time for play except in play hours You are to lodge with Mrs. Smith on Main Street, and your board will cost you $5.50 a week. Each evening except Saturday and Sunday and such days as shall be publicly declared holidays, you are expected to be in your room studying from seven o'clock on through the evening. You will not smoke, nor chew, nor drink spirituous liquors nor go inside a saloon or bar while here, and in other minor details, you will conform to the rules and regulations of the school. Do you promise? Well, sign here."

This honor code, so far, has worked well; two, I think have fallen from grace and been packed away to their destinations, and when you consider that many of them are young men and young women, and not mere children, this is but all the more laudatory. Thirty-nine girls and sixty-one young men attend the Olds School, and if I were a boy again, no! even if I were independent now and could go and do what I wished, I would pack up my things and move to Olds to-morrow and enroll for the season's course

This system of education (and it is proposed to extend it and to conduct many similar schools in other parts of the province) will make of the future Alberta farmer the most efficient and enthusiastic tiller of the soil on the continent, who will intelligently operate his farm with modern machinery in an effective manner, and have his home presided over by a trained and practical wife, who if occasion arises, can take the reins of management into her own capable hand

The hired man of earlier days, the machine, the laborer, will soon be a thing of the past, and in the future, the farm owner, when in a quandary, can turn to his modern hired boy for information and advice

A CLASS OF FARMER BOYS STUDYING SOIL CHEMISTRY IN THE LABORATORY

Introducing Louis

GOOD INDIAN, GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND TO US ALL

By Jean Blewett

CELIA DEAR.—The carrier brought your letter early this morning, but I never got it read until we camped at noon Not that I wasn't glad to hear from you, but right then came Louis' call, and I had to fly. You see it is our very first Moose Hunt, and besides, Louis is a man you rarely keep waiting. When he poises, paddle in hand, in that cockle-shell canoe of his, and sends his shrill: "Al' aboard !" you get the notion that the slender devilish craft (for devilish it is in any hands but his) is alive, and that he is holding it still by standing on its heart. You drop everything and run at that "Al' aboard !"

Custom never stales the variety of thrills you experience as you clamber in. You are absurdly glad that he does not remove his foot and let her come to life until you are in your own particular seat. Then, he steps back, and on the instant she noses toward the rapids, rocking like a drunken thing. You give a little scream, but Louis only laughs and dips his paddle into the foamy water. Then comes the long silent sweep which only the half breed can give, and you know what is meant by poetry of motion. For the first hour, at least, you are rid of your body, of your heavy old head, your legs, your feet with the blistered heels. you're a great grey gull all grace and beauty, a lump of content in the spot where your heart used to be, and you're flying, flying, flying through grey mist shot with rainbow lights, and you're a whole lot nearer heaven than any human creature has a right to be—on account of having to come down again

This morning I am still flying when Joan of Arc and her brother, who as usual are as close to me as they can get, begin a quarrel which threatens to end in a fight. I take a last dizzy whirl and get back my head, my body, my blistered heels, my whole prosaic person.

"Stop that wrangle, children," I say sharply, and Louis laughs. I believe he knows I've been up in the air with the other wild birds

I suppose you being strong on the conventions, I ought to introduce Louis formally. Don't go picturing him some handsome young adventurer. He is so old his face is a net-work of wrinkles, and his eyes have seen so much they droop at the corners with tiredness. He has eye-brows like two snow covered brush heaps; one long straggling lock of hair down his forehead, a nose that crooks sideways when he laughs or gets mad (he does both quite often) and the most interesting personality to be found between Athabaska and Dunvegan, that oldest of posts on the Peace River. No young man could possibly be so wise

THE SUPPER FIRE. THESE CHILDREN OF [illegible]

and yet so companionable, so worldly and yet so childlike.

Peter asked him his age one day and got little satisfaction, but a good story. "How ol', eh ? I dunno. Life an' me we jog togedder mos' too long keep de count. Eet ees lak ol' Corieux back on de Saskatchewan say w'en de mount' police catch heem and de wife fighting and mak' de trial. 'How many year you two been marry ?' ask de police, 'I dunno', say Cordieux wit' de bitter look you see som' tam' w'en you come across fox dat's los' hees tail in a trap, an' knows he ain't sly as de res' ob hees breed, else he wouldn't got in no trap, 'but by de way I feel, jus' now, it's hell ob a long tam b'gosh.'"

No, you needn't feel shocked, my dear. If you could hear Louis tell that story the while his thin lips, blue eyes, the hundred and one wrinkles, make merry together, and the crooked nose turns away to enjoy its fun all by itself, you wouldn't do a thing but laugh.

"He is wan beeg fool dat Cordieux," he goes on, bringing his nose back to a proper angle, "he mak' troub' for heemself al' right in de start, yes. How he do dat ? Well, I tell you. Eet is w'en dey tak' de trail on w'at you call de honey-moon. We go by pony to Moose Portage, he tell her; not so, we go by de boat to Swan Reever, she say. Right dere he should geeve de loving cuff on de ear and mak' de break for Portage. But he is yo'ng an' sof' in hees heart—and head," here the top of his nose twinkles round to his cheek again. "An' he mak' de fool ob heemself wit,' 'Al'right, m'dear you ees de boss.'"

It was the little teacher from the mission who spoke up with, "The proper thing for a man to do is to let the bride choose the wedding trip, Louis !"

"De proper t'ing for man to do is start out de way he intends keep on, eh ? 'You de boss, m'dear,' he tell her, to mak' de show off at de start, and she's boun' hees words come true eef eet tak' a leg, b'gosh ! Mebbe ev'ry man's beeg fool wance in hees life. I t'ink, yes."

"On his honeymoon, you mean ?" queries the teacher.

"No," with a gleam from the pale, blue eyes, "a leetle w'ile before dat, jus about de tam' he begin mak' de eye at her, an' put hees brains in hees heel so dat he dance de better. Me, I lak my own way, but I hab wife, an' ol' troub' he chase married man. Me," with a whimsical shrug, 'I tak to de wilderness. De bigger de hiding place de harder for troub' to fin' you out. Dat is true."

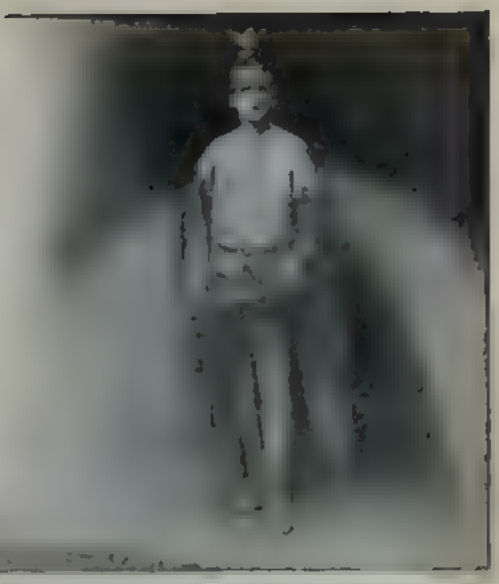
Continued on page 59.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick



SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his début in the rôle of the Knight Lohengrin comes on Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which leave the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair sings for him. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's Ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's betrothed away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her; and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. Robert Sinclair receives word that his father is dying, and asks for money to get to Scotland. He arrives in time to see his father succeed to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only a question of time until he will receive his son again, never write to him, or have anything to do with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows the money from his son, and the younger sails off on a pitiful attempt at penitence, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting.

CHAPTER X.

It was early October, the day fine, but grey. Valerie was sitting alone on the wind-swept terrace of Barranmuir, her chin in her hand. She was looking at the landscape with eyes that took in every detail of the wide expanse before her, bordered on the one side by a clump of dark pines, on the other by beeches whose leaves shone as pure gold, against the clear, light, colorless autumn sky.

The girl was gazing fixedly as if she found something satisfying in the landscape, as if the rolling moors and the blue distances of the hills, the gold of the leaves and the sombreness of the pines were, one and all, speaking to her, each in its own language.

It was only when she heard the sound of the motor as it announced itself to have passed the bend where the beeches stood and came into view of the house, that she took her eyes from the distant view. She was a little thinner and a little browner than she had been in London, and she looked older too. Something of the irresponsibility of youth had gone out of her face and in its stead, there had come a gravity that had never been there before. She was all the more beautiful for it, especially when her face was lit up by one of her queer, crooked smiles.

"So he has come," she said to herself. "That clarion of the horn was characteristic of him, too—the fairy prince." But she did not move from her seat on the terrace and if anyone had been there to see, they would have noticed that the slim hand in its buckskin glove was trembling. She fixed her eyes on the approaching car, which seemed to reach its destination almost more quickly than cars generally do. For, no sooner had it announced itself to her, than it seemed as if it had arrived. All too soon for her self-command.

The groom sprang out and opened the door. Lord Merton had been driving and his guest got out first. Valerie could see the bright gold hair of the tall figure from where she sat—and then the little man whom she was going to marry sprang out and she could see that his first look was towards the terrace in search of her.

It was October and despite his promise, this was the first time that Sinclair had come to Barranmuir. One pretext after another was put forward. He went shooting with other people, it seemed, he was not to sing until the latter end of October in Paris, and he had come here only a couple of weeks before he was due there. Lord Merton had wasted many letters on him, but he never seemed able to make things fit in. "Write and tell him that I believe he won't come because I am here. That ought to fetch him," Valerie said to Denzil one day. He laughed. "Very well," he

said and then he turned to her. "Sweetheart," he said," do you know that there may be just a word of truth in that accusation? Old Bob likes to have me to himself and I daresay he guesses that he has no chance against you."

"Perhaps," she said negligently. "Anyhow, give my message, Denzil!"

It may have been the message which brought him. He arranged to come soon after. Valerie knew that she was counting the days and after that the hours—she knew quite well what was gnawing at her heart. She knew that she wanted to see him once again, to make sure that he was not taking things too hard—and yet she knew quite well that it would take away the last satisfaction that she felt, if he did not take things hard!

And as she sat on the terrace and looked down on him her heart beat so that she felt almost suffocated.

Denzil was walking beside him, his happy little face irradiated with smiles. Denzil looked shorter, more insignificant than ever. It was only Sinclair who had the power of making Denzil look so insignificant. Valerie did not mind what other man he stood near.

And then both young men made their way towards her and she rose from her seat, putting one gloved hand on the balustrade of the terrace to steady herself. Denzil came first "Here she is," he said joyously. "Valerie, he is really here! We have achieved it at length!"

"It is a triumph," said the girl.

She thought her voice must sound strange and harsh—it did not seem like her voice at all as she heard it, but neither Robert nor Denzil seemed to notice any difference in it. The singer held out his hand and she put hers into it.

"We thought you would not honor Barranmuir," she said lightly. "Lady Merton has been quite angry with you and you know you are ordinarily a great favorite of hers."

"She has forgiven me ever since I was a little boy," said he. "I believe she will go on forgiving me still."

"I believe so too," said Denzil, laughing, and then he slipped his arm into Valerie's. "Have they come in from the moors yet?" he asked. "The magic hour of tea draws near and the light is growing bad."

"No one has come in," said Valerie —she was able to speak more naturally now—"but it will be pleasanter if we go in. Mr. Sinclair will like to see your mother."

They walked along, all three abreast, Valerie between the two men. It seemed to the girl as if her limbs were leaden and yet she knew that she liked walking beside Robert.

She looked at him with one of her sidelong glances. No, he did not look as if he were taking things too hard—; but then he never seemed to her to show any feeling at all—she had not known for sure even that he had loved her.

Suddenly Sinclair stood still. "I like this view, Denzil," he said.

"I like it too," said Merton.

The country lay before them with its rolling moors and its far horizons. He glanced suddenly at Valerie. "You will make a very fair chatelaine," he said to her gravely. Valerie turned very pale. "We have as beautiful views as this in Canada," she said. She had read Robert's thoughts aright. He was justifying himself once more for his renunciation of her.

"Here comes Dolly Brent," said Denzil—he had very good sight.

"Who is there with her?" asked Valerie almost eagerly. It seemed as if she was glad to begin another subject of conversation. "I believe it is Bertram," said Denzil with a half laugh. "Then she has not pulled it off this time."

"I suppose not," said Valerie, smiling, and then she turned to Sinclair, "We are interested, you see, in watching a love-affair."

"Would you call it a love affair?" asked Denzil.

"No, poor child," said Valerie.

"Valerie has such a large charity that she pities even those damsels whose one object in life is to achieve marriage with a wealthy man," said Denzil.

"Of course I am sorry for them," said Valerie quietly. "I am sorry particularly for Dolly—she is pretty and well-bred and she is dreadfully poor."

"And her father is a pretty average scoundrel," said Denzil.

"Poor girl," said Robert with feeling.

But they did not wait for Dolly, but made their way into the house where Lady Merton awaited them with tea. Lady Merton was one of those little, brown-haired, soft-eyed women, who seem to live only to make other people comfortable. She was very much in love with her future daughter-in-law. It seemed almost as if she could never be grateful enough to her for making her boy so happy.

She greeted Robert very warmly. "I have missed you terribly," she said "You see those two are so taken up with each other."

"Naturally."

She looked at him quite gravely. "What's wrong, Bob?" she asked. "Have you, too, fallen in love?"

"There is nothing wrong," he said quickly," and as for my falling in love, I did that some time ago, that is nothing new." He laughed as he spoke.

"You must want your tea," said Lady Merton, reassured.

"It may be that." He did not speak ironically but with an effort. Valerie went across the hall to one corner of the great chimney piece and held out her hands to the blaze. Denzil followed her.

"Your hands have got thin, Valerie," he said with sudden alarm "See how my ring slips about on your finger."

She held out one hand to him. "And yet you put it on very firmly," she said, twisting her mouth into one of her crooked smiles.

"You don't feel ill, do you? Tell me that nothing ails you!"

"I am quite well." She shivered a little. "I want sunshine," she said.

"Then you must go south at once!"

"And I want the sun and the moon and the stars," she said laughing "Get them for me at once, Denzil! And I want something else! I want every one to have what he or she most desires, even if they all desire the same thing!"

"I have got what I most desire," he said in a low voice, "even although I don't deserve it!" She smiled at him. "Get me some tea, Denzil," he said, "and the nicest tea-cakes there are! That will do to begin with."

But when he brought them, she just broke off a corner of one—the food seemed to choke her. From where she sat, she could just see Robert's golden head. He was talking quite easily to a group of men and women. Dolly Brent was sitting opposite to him—and she never took her eyes off him. "Why did I let him come? Why?" said Valerie to herself—"I can't bear it."

Denzil was called away for a moment. Dolly Brent rose and came across the hall to her. "Who is that, Valerie?" she asked.

"That," said Valerie trying to speak naturally," is Robert Sinclair, the tenor—and it is not good for little girls to look at him too much!"

"Why not?" said the girl.

"He is considered too good-looking —by most mothers!"

"Too good-looking!" said Dolly. "I think he is wonderful!"

"Have you never heard him sing? He sings at Covent Garden."

"I have never heard him," said the girl. "I suppose the prudence of mothers forbids them to take little girls to hear him—how comes he here?"

"He is an old friend of Lord Merton's. They were boys together in Rome!"

"Will you introduce me, Valerie?"

"Lady Merton must—I consider him too dangerous."

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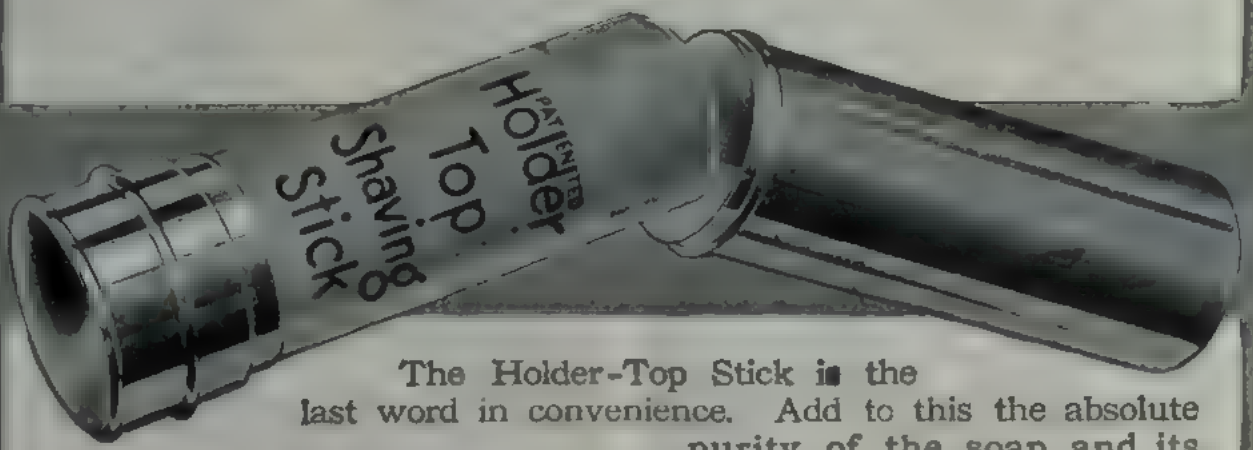
PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Nothing touches the soap but your face. You hold the shaving stick by the metal holder, which allows you to use the last available bit of soap as conveniently as the first.



The Holder-Top Stick is the last word in convenience. Add to this the absolute purity of the soap and its creamy, lasting, abundant lather and you have a shaving luxury that is pretty near perfection.

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and our extensive line of *Toilet* Soaps have the same softening, creamy, emollient qualities that have made Williams' *Shaving* Soaps so famous. Ask your dealer for them.

"But with a man like that," began the young girl—she did not finish the sentence

Valerie rose from her seat and walked across to a door which led out of the hall. It was the door of Denzil's one particular sanctum. She knew that he would follow her quickly

But for a moment or two, she thought she would be alone. She took off the hat which she had not yet removed, and sat back in a low chair, looking into the fire. The door opened, but she did not look up—she knew that it must be Denzil But it was not.

"Denzil asked me to tell you," said a grave voice, "that he has just been called away—some one from the village has come for him—he may be away an hour or more—but I was to tell you, that he could not do without his hour before dinner."

Valerie made no answer at all. The room was quite dark—except for the fire-light. For a long time neither of them said a word and then Robert spoke. "You are making him very happy."

"You bade me to"

"I know, yet sometimes I have thought, that all this must be a strain on you—are you well? You look thinner—"

"Not so pretty?" she asked quickly

"No," he said simply, "but to me, far more beautiful. You look older, too!"

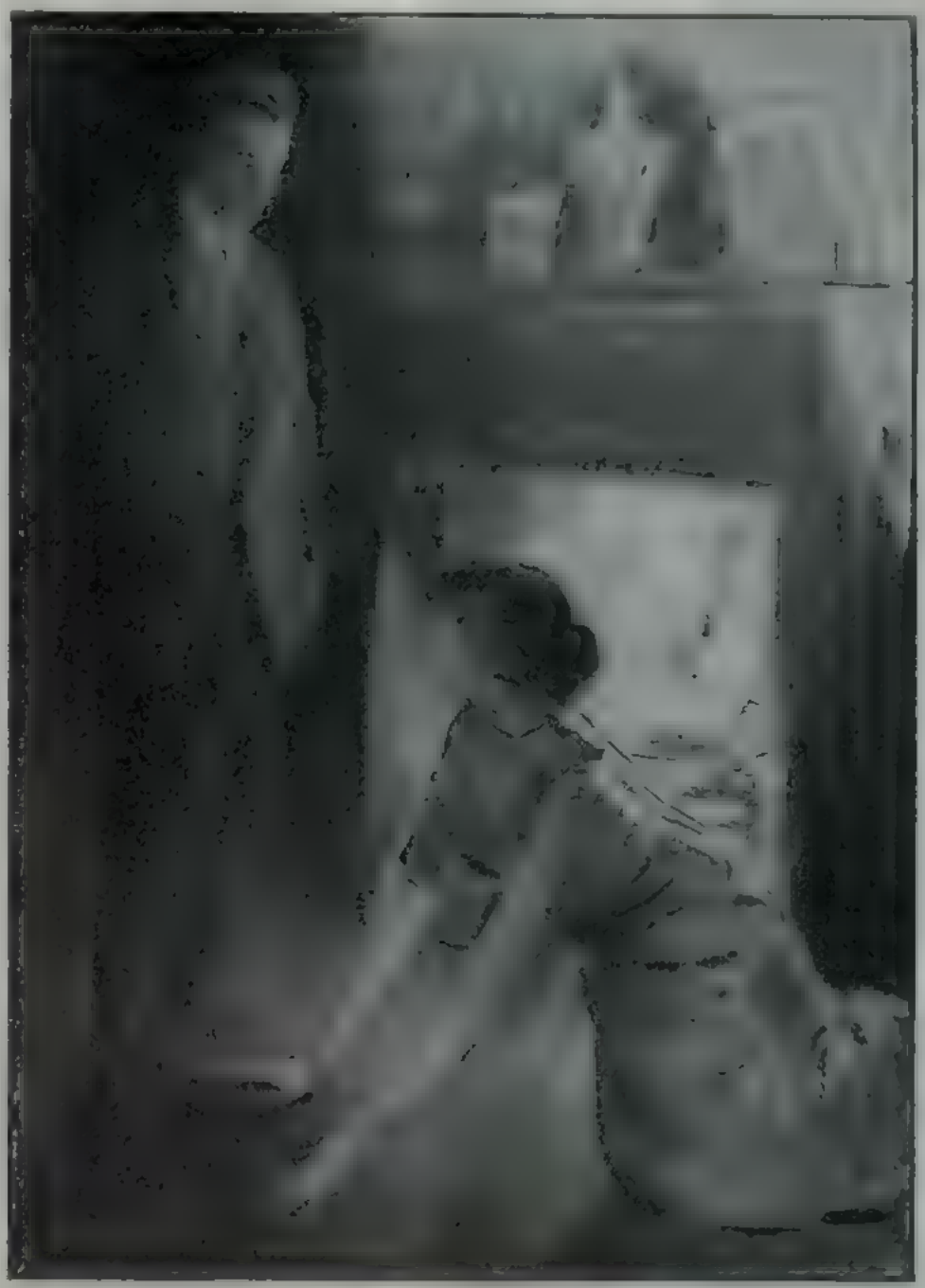
"I am years older," she said and then she turned to him. "If you lived my life," she said passionately, "if you put a curb on yourself all day and lay wide-awake all night you would look older too."

"You can't sleep?" I asked her

"I believe that! You look sleepless."

"And you?" she said," I need not ask—"

"No" he said, "you need not ask—I have to keep myself fit you know because of my voice!"



AS HE LOOKED AT HER HE WAS REMINDED OF LADY JANE GREY GOING TO BLINDFOLDED, FOR THE BLOCK ON WHICH SHE WAS TO LAY HER LOVELY HEAD

"I believe you care for your voice more than anything!"

"Why not? It is all that I have in the world!" He spoke simply, not complainingly. He did not attempt to come near to her, but stood leaning against the high mantel and looking down at her as she sat back in the chair There was something in his attitude that hurt Valerie horribly

"I believe," she said speaking very quickly, "that I have counted the days, the hours until you came here—and you now are here—"

"I should not have come," he answered

"Why not? Lady Merton is fond of you and Denzil loves you and if I am such a fool as to care, what does it matter to any one? Decidedly, you were quite right to have come!"

Her voice was so bitter and there was something about her, that made his heart ache. He wanted to take her into his arms and to kiss her mouth so that it should lose those sad curves—he wanted to tell her that neither distance, nor time, mattered in the least to him—that for all time, she was the one woman he loved and would always love! But it would have been as useless as it would have been wrong, seeing that she was to be his friend's wife

"I have to go to Paris very soon," he said, "I have an engagement there."

"The French women are very taking," she said, almost acidly

"They are very art-loving! You see Miss Monro, I happen to be a singer."

"I know," she said. "you are a singer first."

"No," he said, "I am not that."

"What are you first of all, then?" she asked—there was hope in her voice.

"I hope I am a gentleman," he said. "That means an honorable man"

She clasped her hands together and twisted her fingers as if in pain and suddenly the ring that Denzil had told her had grown too large for her fingers sprang off and fell at Robert's feet

He looked down at it. The firelight

Continued on page 33.

Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Dominion is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener, and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried —all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove, make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops, the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect, nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy —slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short we are about 50 per cent. efficient

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weakness and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illness that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint —appendicitis

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord —there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joesph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way" of the Internal Bath, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 311, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in the Canada Monthly.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer

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Linking up the West

BY JOHN McLELLAN

ON Tuesday morning, December 3, 1887, in response to invitations extended by the contracting firm of Upper & Willis, a number of ladies and gentlemen gathered at the station grounds of St. Boniface, Manitoba, to make the trip to the Roseau River, where they were to witness the driving of the last spike in the line of rail connecting Winnipeg with St. Paul, Minnesota. A special train was in waiting, and at a few minutes before nine o'clock the party boarded the cars and started south.

Among the Manitobans in the company were Senator Sutherland, of Kildonan, Consul Taylor, for many years the popular representative of the United States in Manitoba, Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, a member of the legislative council, Capt. Scott, at that time holding office as mayor of the city, Alexander Logan, for several years mayor of Winnipeg, W. S. Alloway, now a well-known Winnipeg private banker, John F. Bain, afterwards Mr. Justice Bain, S. Blanchard, a distinguished lawyer and partner of Judge Bain, C. N. Bell, present secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, James H. Rowan, G. B. Spencer, W. H. Lyon, T. Nixon, G. Brown, Thos. Howard, D. W. Stobart, Geo. S. McTavish, A. F. Eden, Jacob Smith, and J. St. L. McGinn. The Hon. A. Percy and Lady Percy of London, England, and M.A. Bigford, of St. Paul, were among the strangers present. The latter, with W. F. Alloway, and Contractor Willis, after taking part in the ceremony connected with the driving of the last spike, continued the journey to St. Paul, and were thus the first passengers to make the journey by rail from Winnipeg to the capital of Minnesota.

The special train used for the trip was naturally of a primitive character, consisting of a locomotive, three flat cars, and a trainmen's caboose. The latter had been, to some extent, fitted up for the comfort of the ladies, but after all that was possible had been done, it must be admitted that the coach did not compare favorably with the standard sleepers now operated between Winnipeg and the Twin Cities. The crew in charge of the train consisted of Fred Hayward, conductor, C. D. Vanaman, engineer, and J Donovan fireman The weather was not unpleasant, though somewhat cold, and most of the men stood on the deck of the flat cars during the trip

The locomotive whistled shrilly, and the train moved across the Seine River, past St Norbert and Niverville, to Otterburne, at Rat River, twenty-

eight miles from Winnipeg, which was reached at ten minutes past ten o'clock.

At Otterburne a large quantity of wood, which, as the facetious fireman remarked at the time, also O't-ter-burn, had been stored, and the supply for the locomotive was replenished. Water was needed for the boiler and a sufficient quantity was secured from the drain on the side of the grade, by means of a syphon.

From the river the train proceeded, at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour, to the camp of the contractors, where a stop was made. All the passengers on the flat cars alighted and took advantage of the opportunity to warm themselves. Passing Arnaud a few minutes later, the wigwam of an Indian was observed to the left. This sight aroused a discussion with reference to the future of the red race, and numerous observations were made regarding the manner in which the Indians of the continent retired further into the fastnesses as the iron rails of the transportation companies were laid across the plains. It was admitted that the native Americans, on the advent of the European, must disappear even from those areas which his ancestors had held in undisputed possession for thousands of years, and that the arrival of the iron horse meant the disappearance for ever of the picturesque Indian pony. The construction of the railway line, which meant so much in connection with the development of the vast Northwest was but another seal set on the hopeless struggle of the Indian with destiny.

"Of what tribe are they ?" asked one of the ladies in the caboose, addressing Contractor Willis, and looking intently at the dirty canvas tent. "These," replied the cast-iron contractor, "these, —well, I presume they are of all tribes. They are a lot of our Ontario boys, who have been at work, hauling in ties."

Just at noon, the bridge over the Roseau River was reached, and as the train crossed, it was greeted with repeated cheers from the visitors who had come from the south to take part in the ceremony. The travellers on the train from the north responded vigorously, the whistling of the locomotive increased the din. The bridge over the Roseau, one hundred and ninety feet long and thirty feet high, had been put together in four days but it appeared quite stable and serviceable.

At Penzo, the station just south of the Roseau, the last spike was to be driven. One hundred and twenty-five yards of track had been left unlaid, in order that the visitors might have the opportunity of seeing how the work was done. Two gangs had been engaged on the work, one operating southward, and one northward. Both gangs were anxious to make a record in putting down the final rails and each was anxious to surpass the other in the last round. At a signal from Contractor Willis, who stood equidistant from the gangs, the parties commenced laying the iron at top speed. Before the bystanders knew what was transpiring, the short gap was filled, and loud cheers from the gang at the north announced that they claimed the victory. The gang from the south cheered with equal vigor, making a similar claim, and no one was able to decide to whom the honor was due. There was a slight delay in cutting the rails to make the perfect communication, after which the spike was placed in position, ready to receive the last blow of the hammer

G. B. Spencer, a well-known Win-

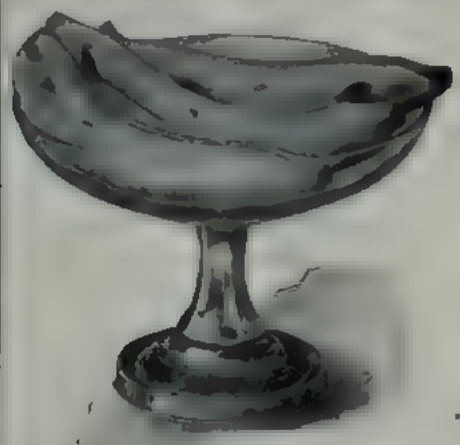
Continued on page 45.

The Diminishing Dollar

The dollars you get are just as large as they ever were, but they are smaller in purchasing power than ever before. The problem is how to make a dollar go as far as possible in purchasing the necessities of life. For a dollar you can get one hundred

Shredded Wheat Biscuits

and that means a hundred wholesome, nourishing breakfasts. If you add coffee, milk and a little cream, a deliciously strengthening and satisfying Shredded Wheat breakfast should not cost over five cents. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the whole wheat prepared in digestible form. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.



Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness. For breakfast serve with hot milk and a little cream, adding salt or sugar to suit the taste. Deliciously nourishing for any meal in combination with sliced bananas, baked apples, stewed prunes, or canned or preserved fruits. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat wafer and is eaten as a toast with butter, cheese or marmalade.

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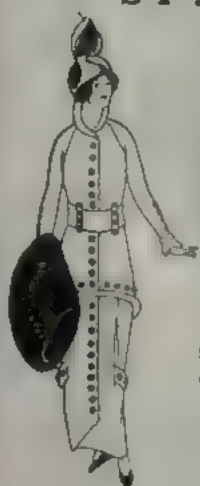

carried to extremes, are usually ridiculous.

Of course you don't want to be ridiculous but you **do** want to be stylish.

There is no way in which you can add so much of style, so inexpensively, to your new dresses as by the use of covered buttons. Of the same shade or of contrasting color, they form a trimming that is in the best of taste and the height of fashion.

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TORONTO PLEATING COMPANY
Dept. G TORONTO, ONT. 8

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Green spray showers lightly down the cascade of the larch;
The graves are riven,
And the Sun comes with power amid the clouds of heaven!
Before his way
Went forth the trumpet of the March:
Before his way, before his way,
Dances the pennon of the May!
O earth, unchilded, widowed Earth, so long
Lifting in patient pine and ivy tree
Mournful belief and steadfast prophecy,
Behold how all things are made true!
Behold your bridegroom cometh in to you,
Exceeding glad and strong.

SPRING is at the door and the green is on the bough, but there is something painfully old-fashioned in Tennyson's line "In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." For Spring has become a forbidden subject with the bards, not to say the editors, and no one sings of love now for fear of being laughed at. But it is love that swings the world's clock after all. Few stories or poems are worth while without it. Without it the newspapers would cease to be, for it is at the bottom of almost every crime, moving men to war and deeds of "derring do," and it is the heart and mind of the divorce court.

Miss Braddon—who used to live long ago with Charles Dickens and Ouida in a potato dyke library in an Irish garden—said once that she got all the plots for those thrilling love-stories seasoned with murder and peppered with mystery out of the London papers. And we have little doubt that she did.

Take, for instance, that true tale of the woman who lived in a mystery chamber at the back of a lawyer's office until last December; or that London train horror whereby a little child met with an evil fate, or—to come to our own country—that story of the Winnipeg midwife who stole the new-born baby—a story all the more strange because no baby at all figured in the case. What plots are here for a Wilkie Collins or a Bertha M. Clay? And talking of love, what love that was that could induce a young and handsome woman to immure herself in one room for three years for the sake of one man—and this in a village where everybody knows everyone else and where gossip is "our daily bread."

You remember the story? For fifteen years, since she was twenty-three, this highly educated girl sacrificed her youth and beauty and life on the altar of love, and lived if ever woman did, the axiom "The world well lost for love." For three years she voluntarily immured herself in a small room, living the life of a recluse separated from family and friends—"because I loved him better than anything else on earth . . . . any woman who loved a man as I did would be willing to sacrifice the world for him. . . . nobody could have loved him as I have . . . . I asked nothing but to be near him." What manner of man must he have been to inspire such an unselfish love as this? "I have been much happier in my secret room," said this strange woman, "than most married women in their homes with husband and children."

After all the old saying "fact is stranger than fiction" is truer than most of the maxims the wise have given to us. Nothing imagined, nothing fictional could ever be more astonishing than those practical things we call facts can be at times.

SOME time this merry month of May the Pedlar will have a birthday. Wisely, the date of it is forgotten, for be it known to you fair dames, it is

Continued on page 36.

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 28.

caught it and it glittered as it lay there

"You have dropped your ring," he said.

"Give it me."

"No," he said very quietly "I can't do that—it is Denzil's ring is it not ?"

"Yes."

He did not stoop to pick it up and she rose from her chair. "How careful you are," she said, there was mockery in her voice

"It behoves us both to be," he said gravely.

It seemed to her as if she could bear no more. She knelt down and began groping for the ring—but she had come between it and the firelight. He looked down at her as she knelt there, as it were, at his feet.

"Is this fair, Valerie ?" he said very quietly.

"Fair," she said—she gave a deep breath. "Fair ! No, Robert, it is utterly despicable of me."

"You have just to pull yourself together ! You have plenty of pluck, go back to your chair and shut your eyes and then you may sleep—you are just overwrought."

She stretched out her hands, moving them over the floor, blindly as it were. He had seen in his youth an engraving of Lady Jane Grey, blindfolded, feeling for the block upon which she was to lay her head. Something in Valerie's attitude reminded him of that picture. For all his manhood, he felt as if he could have wept.

"Have you found it ?" he asked.

"Yes, here it is—are you going to leave me now ?"

"Yes, I am going back to Lady Merton and to the others—you will try to sleep until Denzil comes. Your voice sounds exhausted—"

"Does it ?"

"Yes—that means you are tired, you know."

"Yes," she said "I'm tired, Robert—horribly tired of being so miserable ! I would give the whole of my life if I could just have half an hour of the old happiness, that I never appreciated."

"Where is your father, now ?"

"He and mother are visiting—why should they not ? They have left me in good keeping—"

"I wish your father were with you !"

"I don't," she said with fervor

"He would be a help to you."

"No one can be that."

He said no more but went to the door, opened it softly and was gone

Valerie sank back into the chair and covered her face with her hands. She did not cry, but lay there without moving and gradually it seemed to her, that the tension of her nerves were relaxing

"I think I could sleep," she said to herself. She closed her eyes and soon she was sleeping. Denzil found her so when he returned. He came in softly and stood for a while looking down on her. Then he stroked her hair lovingly and she woke up

"Oh, what is it ? where am I ?" she cried in acute distress.

He put his arms around her. "You are with me, you are quite safe," he said kissing her softly.

She clung to him. "I have been asleep," she said. "You awakened me——I am afraid—"

Her clinging to him was exquisite—he had never felt her so much his as this moment, when she had, if he had but known it, drifted away from him farther than she had ever been

Gradually she grew calmer "Why, it must be late," she said "You have dressed for dinner"

"No, it is quite early," he said "I changed—I did not want to come near you in the clothes I wore !"

"Why not ?" she asked—she was quite herself again.

"I have been down to the village—the factor came for me—there are one or two cases of diphtheria there, Valerie, have you ever had it ?"

She laughed. "No," she said, "have you ?"

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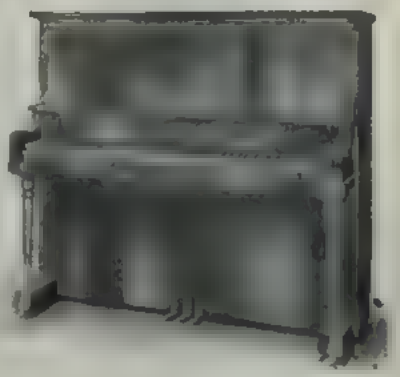

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You, or any musical expert, can test the piano in any reasonable manner before you buy it You can take it on easy terms, if you wish. You can choose that style and finish you like best. Clip out this advt. and send it now.

Bear in mind that every piano in this sale is absolutely new and perfect—exactly the same Sherlock-Manning Piano that has won so great a fame for exquisite tone, long service and moderate cost. Clip out the advt. and mail it to us at once. You will get full particulars by return mail. Address **Dept. 11,**

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The Boy's Future

"His future prosperity will demand more knowledge than I had the opportunity of acquiring in my youth.

Competition in his day will be much keener than it is right now, and goodness knows it's keen enough.

I have felt the need of a university training, again and again. His success in life will demand it.

How best insure his future?

A ten or twelve year endowment policy in The London Life Insurance Company would make my dreams, regarding his success, come true whether I live or die. The cost would be small—I would never miss the annual payments.

And—The London Life makes about all the profit a solid and safely-managed financial concern can make."

The London Life Insurance Company

LONDON - CANADA

51

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

"I don't matter—I'm very strong. Little men slip through all kinds of diseases."

"I'm strong too."

"You have got thin—still I don't suppose there is any real danger—the whole place wants a thorough overhauling. We ought to have had it done before but you know what these people are. They won't budge out of their houses even if it is for their own good."

"You are not firm enough with them—wait until I come."

"I don't want to wait another day," he said suddenly. "Valerie, have you the least idea of how much I love you? It came to me when I was walking up from the village, what shadows the other people in the world are, compared to you. It seems to me as if there were no living people except you! You are the heart of the world."

"Denzil," she said. "What would you do if I were to fail you—if I were to be quite different from what you think I am?"

"I should go on loving the real you," he said steadily. "I should be quite sure that it would be infinitely better and greater, than my poor image of you."

"Then under no circumstances would you leave off loving me?"

'Dear," he said, "How could I? It would not be I, if I could!"

And then he held her to him and kissed her until she said "I must go, Denzil," and as she walked up the stairs and looked at the pictures of the Mertons, who ornamented the staircases—she said to herself, "I believe I am the worst woman who ever lived!"

CHAPTER XI.

SINCLAIR had been at Barranmuir two days, but he had never seen Valerie alone again. To tell the truth he did not see much of Denzil either. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the business of shooting, enjoying the tramping on the moors, the rough picnics, the soaking rain even, as if he had only one thought in the world, and that was sport.

The other men of the party took to him at once, forgetting that he was the darling of the operatic stage, remembering only that he was a good fellow and a thorough sportsman. Indeed he was keener than any one of them

"I have to be in Paris, rehearsing a new opera in a few days' time," he told Bertram Sanday as they were tramping home together.

"How quaint," said Colonel Sanday.

"Is it not? When I am here, it is an effort to remember the stage, just as when I am singing I can't think of anything else."

"I suppose it is being English really, that makes you keen about this!"

"My mother was a Scotchwoman—but my father is English right enough."

"What Sinclairs does he belong to? There are ever so many branches."

"The Berkshire ones."

"Does he, by Jove?" said Colonel Sanday.

"He is nephew, he tells me, to Sir Fulke Sinclair of Abbot's Wood—do you happen to know anything about him?"

"Yes indeed." Colonel Sanday stared at him. "He has one of the finest places in Berkshire—are you the only son—or have you an elder brother?"

"I am the only one," said Sinclair.

"Then your father must be—" Colonel Sanday stopped short, and coughed.

"He is," said the young man with indescribable bitterness. "He is not a father to be proud of."

"He is alive?"

"Yes—he is in England. I saw him in London after many years of absence from him."

"He has been living abroad, then?"

"I presume so—I lived in Rome until I was a small boy of about ten or eleven—then my mother and I went to Florence but not with my father. She and I lived together until—she died."

"I understand," said Colonel Sanday. He did understand, for Geoffrey Sinclair's story was well known. To himself he was saying, "I wonder how Sinclair brought into the world a straight, open-eyed young fellow like this. The son answered his unspoken thought.

"I owe all that I am to my mother," he said. "She was splendid. I don't suppose there will ever be another one like her!"

"She was Scotch, you say?"

"Yes her maiden name was MacDonald—Jean Macdonald."

"I wonder if you would take my advice," said Colonel Sanday. "If I were you, I should make myself known

Continued on page 56.

10 Meals With Us

Ten meals like these—delightful meals of Puffed Grains served in various ways. Breakfasts and suppers which you'll never forget. Our offer to-day is to pay for all ten, so all your folks may know the joys of Puffed Grains.

The Coupon Pays for All

To-day we make this offer to you, as we make it every spring. Every year, on the verge of summer, when millions of homes enjoy Puffed Grains.

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Take this coupon with you. He will give you for it a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat, and we will pay the dime.

Thus for 15 cents you get two packages this week—ten meals of Puffed Wheat and ten of Puffed Rice. And ten of the meals are our treat.

You Will Never Forget

After this test you will never forget the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. You will see grains thin and porous, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

You will see bubble-like grains which fairly melt in the mouth into almond-flavored granules. And a thousand future meals will be made more delightful because you know of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Every Granule Exploded In Prof. Anderson's Way

Those cells in each Puffed Grain are caused by a hundred million explosions. Each separate food granule is exploded from inside.

The grains are sealed in guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Thus the trifle of moisture inside of each granule is changed to explosive steam.

Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

This is Prof. Anderson's process for making digestion easy and complete. No other process does that. In the best of cooking at least half of the granules remain solid and unbroken.

So Puffed Grains are more than enticing. They are scientific foods. Your physician knows them to be the best cooked foods in existence.

Good for 10 Cents.

Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. He will collect the 10 cents from us.

Serve some of these grains with milk and sugar. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper, like bread or crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. You will find these both foods and confections. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

The Quaker Oats Company

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER C70
Good in Canada or the United States Only.

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat

Name

Address

To the Grocer

Dated 1914

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1

10-Cent Coupon — Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

FINE CLOTHES
FOR MEN

20 CENTURY BRAND REGD.

TAILORED BY Lowndes TORONTO

Agents in every City and Town in Canada.

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142-144 West Front Street, Toronto

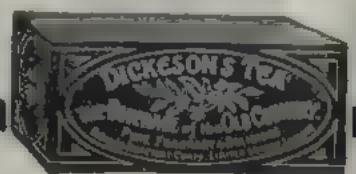
DICKESON'S TEA

—really refreshes. Its generous flavour and rare fragrance are delicious.

ASK YOUR GROCER

DICKESON'S TEA is the BEST TEA.

The Original Aluminum Packet



Richd Dickeson & Co., Ltd London, Eng.

Agent W. Lloyd Lock & Co Winnipeg

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 32

not members of the sweet sex only that is averse from birthdays after they pass the thirty—ahem! milestone, but those of the inferior, to wit—the masculine sex, as well.

The learned lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, was apt to grow pettish when reminded of the flight of time. Once he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me that the eighteenth of September is my birthday." What an excellent phrase that is—"with some of his troublesome kindness"—? It exactly fills the case of the Pedlar who looks upon anyone who alludes to such arbitrary divisions of time as birthdays, as rather a common—not to say vulgar person.

Jesting apart, birthdays, like Christmas, should be festivals only for the children—those little happy creatures who understand nothing beyond the cake and ice cream of it. Only children of a larger growth reflect, and then it is to think of the good intentions all forgotten, the loss of youth, the slow increase of our happiness and our fortunes, and, perhaps, the wasted months. Which of us could not write with Byron -

> Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty
> I have dragged to three and thirty:
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—except thirty-three?

For ourself we look upon Life as a lap upon a journey—whither? And so keep prepared in a measure for our next change of cars. More than half-packed is our trunk—alas! it is nearing its full of "unconsidered trifles" gathered upon our journey here. Every birthday we drop something into it—usually a worthless remnant which will be of no use to us whither we are going. This year what will the Pedlar drop into his Box of Life?—perhaps his Pack—perhaps his pencil—more belike himself—when, kind comrades of the road—he will be obliged to lock himself up from the inside and await the porter to carry him whither he knows not. Away with birthdays! They are not seemly for people who are nearing the gateway of the Garden of Life. They are disturbers of the peace. They are reminders of the grim old fellow who waits on the other side of the gate; the Fisherman whose net never misses a fish. Dr. Johnson was right. To remind, of his birthday, one who has passed the meridian, is to do him a "troublesome kindness."

THE WRECKERS

CRASH! Crash! Crash!

All the way down the stairs the china came rolling, and after it the

lamentations of the maid. Susanna's common mode of expressing joy, grief or amazement is by piercing Kerry wails—only that when compelled by either gladness or wonder, these begin on a low key, go to heights unexplored by any musical instrument, that as yet has been invented, tarry there for a while, and descend to a basso crescendo—which is rather an Irish way of expressing what we mean—ending in low growls. Sorrow or dismay affects Susanna's instrument differently, or rather in exactly the opposite manner. The wails then begin aloft—far beyond the ether, and descend in mad chromatics a cat might well envy, rising again to "wildest pinnacle of woe" and resting there.

Breaking crockery, thundering tray alike were lost in the shelter of Susanna's outcry, while the well-meaning soul lumbered down picking up the pieces on her way. All of which sent us to our study to meditate upon the philosophy of breakages.

It is a subject full of interest. There is a certain variety in the genus wrecker. The majority of them have a weakness for some particular article There are those whose specialty is handles and handles only.

> You may break, you may ruin
> The cup if you will,
> But the handle clings fast
> To Susanna's hand still

Other wreckers affect saucers: they somehow pass through the teacup itself, and impinge upon the saucer. Other Susannas go in for big game, such as mirrors, clocks, and plate glass windows, and there are also wreckers whose fad is rare bits of Belleek, cloisonne and porcelain. Susanna's humorous soul lives in an imperfectly controlled body with undeveloped reflexes. Her mind roams in the fields of imagination. When she is washing plates she is listening to the Salvation Army's band, and using them as clashing cymbals. The only breakable thing in the house which she respects is the master a meerschaum. So she never dusts it. Once when, thinking of the poker, she grasped his old clay pipe and [illegible] dropped her duster and fled affrighted before the flood-tide of his language. Ever after she left the pipe rack undusted, and was even known to tip-toe past it as a thing that might break into demoniac passion if looked at. Apart from this, Susanna goes lightly upon her blithesome way, smashing every record and assailing high heaven in crescendos and descendos with—

"Shure it fell down fore-right me, ma'am, wid the gust o' wind that crossed in be the pantry winda. Yirra, there wasn't anny weight to it at all ma'am, through bein' so delycate like—but I have the handle, ma'am—yis ma'am. O—O—o-o-o-o o-o-o-O—O!—which is the best way we can present the Kerry wail in print.

The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—
You'll note it by his saucy way.
He minces dressing for the birds,
But doesn't stop to mince his words.
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know
That pots demand

SAPOLIO

What will *thoroughly* clean kitchenware?

Soap removes the surface dirt nicely. But unfortunately, soap does not "grip" the greasy grime.

Another form of cleanser scrapes off the surface dirt but fails to get under the burnt-in grease

To *thoroughly* clean kitchen ware you want a cleanser like Sapolio, which polishes the surface and, at the same time, *removes every trace of grease.*

Sapolio gives real suds. It works *without waste.*

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

Dear Children:

We have a surprise for you A toy Spotless Town—just like the real one, only smaller It is 8¼ inches long. The nine (9) cunning people of Spotless Town, in colors, are ready to cut out and stand up. Sent free on request

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers*, New York City.

SACRIFICE TO MAMMON

IT does not say much for our "culture" in regard to the theatre that Mr. William Faversham finds himself obliged—on the score of heavy financial losses—to close the doors on his magnificent presentation of Shakespeare—in Julius Caesar, Othello, and Romeo and Juliet. We have seen the old-time Shakesperian actors: the actor who ranted; the actor who recited; the actor who stalked like Mr. Vincent Crummles and trod the boards with long steps, a short one and a halt, like the majestic Mrs. Vincent Crummles. We have, in fact, seen and heard every sort of actor—from the barn-stormer up—do Shakespeare, and most of them "did him in," as they say of a murder in England. The [illegible] audience which cannot bear Shakespeare unless he is done in the manner

A Rarity
Without Any Extra Price

Among oat lovers, all the world over, Quaker Oats is known as a rarity. Even Scotch connoisseurs send here for it.

Because Quaker Oats is always made from big, plump, luscious grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

These picked out grains may have twice the flavor of puny, half-grown grains. And that flavor—kept intact by our process—has won the world to Quaker.

Now there are millions, of every race and clime, who insist on this Quaker flavor. The demand has grown to a thousand million dishes yearly.

And now our mammoth output lets us give you this rarity without any extra price.

Quaker Oats

Flakes Made from Queen Grains Only

If you think Quaker Oats important to the welfare of children, this flavor is also important. It is flavor that wins them, and keeps them, and causes them to eat an abundance of Quaker.

And each dish means energy and vim. Each supplies a wealth of the elements needed for brains and nerves.

Don't let children grow away from this food of foods.

Now a 25c Size

We now put up a large 25 cent package, in addition to the 10-cent size. It saves buying so often, saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.

And don't, if your vitality is taxed, grow away yourself.

As a vim-producer, as a food for growth, all the ages have found nothing to compare with oats.

That is the reason for Quaker. Its flakes are big and inviting. Its flavor makes this dish delightful.

You make a mistake when you don't get this Quaker flavor.

10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

classical—murdered coldly and inexorably; there is the other which likes its William S. served with ginger sauce—clamour, and outcry, and noise; there are again audiences which demand that Shakespeare be presented by elocutionists reciting blank verse, and there is that delightful and very human audience which does not understand William the Only, and does not care, and only goes as it goes to opera, because it is the cultured thing to do.

And away beyond all these—beyond the classical Benson and his classical and cold Shakesperian players, stands William Faversham and his star company. Here is a man after Merry Will's own heart—all of a man, strong, graceful, light of heart as of foot—as ready for Petruchio and his Kate of Kates, as for the humorous but subtle Iago. Here is Mark Antony himself for you, young, impassioned, magnetic—one to sway a crowd or serve a friend—why, Faversham was the very incarnation of those great figures which Shakespeare lined with a pen steeped in the red blood of human nature itself. He was Mark Antony, Iago and—to our mind—Romeo as we would have our Romeo. He surrounded himself with a company of such excellence that it was difficult to pick from among them the leading star. For instance, we faltered between Caesar and Brutus; one moment we were all for poor Cassius, the next for the sweetest Desdemona (Cissy Loftus) we ever met, the next for the mighty Moor, and then 'twas all for Iago, that sly, subtle, merry villain.

"At last I've seen Othello," quoth one Pedlar to his son as they arose to follow the crowd up the darkening aisles, "at last my soul is satisfied with Iago. Boy, Shakespeare's the only one—and after him Faversham."

And this is the man which a world whose taste has been vitiated by the disgusting problem plays reeking of the underworld; by the revolting stories printed in certain of the magazines, by vulgar vaudeville, and sensational movie shows, has forced to abandon his Shakesperian repertoire. Faversham cannot live and support a family by his art alone. He put all he possessed into his scenery and his company, and the outcome is—failure—but a splendid failure at least. We call ourselves cultured, progressive, intellectual. We are but a mob of hurrying fools chasing shadows.

SCHOPENHAUER, THE PESSIMIST, AND WOMEN

WE have just been studying the fashions and wondering what Schopenhauer would say if he could see the sex he abhorred arrayed as its members all are now—three-decker

Continued on page 43.

Waltham Watches

Waltham is the name of the best-known and most widely-used watch in the world. Waltham is the index to all that is desirable in a watch accuracy, beauty, inbred quality, faithful service. Waltham on a watch means high quality, but not necessarily high price. There are Walthams for as low a price as will buy a good watch, and up to as high a price as any one should pay.

At leading jewelers everywhere

Waltham Watch Company, Montreal

A GREAT
Parcel-Post Offer!
Wonder Working Washer!
Delivered to you for Only $1.50
A Beautiful Present Free

If you order immediately. See Coupon at the bottom.

We are able to make this great offer on account of the great reductions which have been made in the cost of post...

Here Are a Few of the Reasons Why You Should Buy the Rapid Vacuum WASHING MACHINE.

1—It is the only machine that has a valve which is absolutely necessary to create vacuum, and supply the compressed air which forces the water through the clothes.
2—It is the lightest machine made.
3—It has been awarded prizes in washing competitions over 50 washing machines.
4—It will wash the heaviest Hudson Bay blankets in 3 minutes.
5—It will wash the finest lingerie perfectly in 3 minutes.
6—It will wash a tub of anything washable in 3 minutes.
7—It will last a lifetime.
8—It will save you hours of needless toil.
9—It will save many dollars a year by not wearing out the clothes.
10—It can be operated by a child as easily as an adult.
11—It is as easy to wash with this machine as it is to mash a pot of potatoes.
12—It will thoroughly blue a whole family washing in 30 seconds.

13—It will do everything we claim for it, or we will return every cent of your money.
14—It can be used in any boiler, tub or pail, equally well.
15—After use it can be dried with a cloth in ten seconds. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to loose.

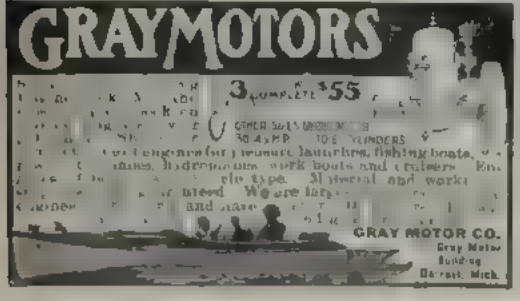
After you own one of these washers the hardest part of the work will be hanging out the clothes. If for ANY reason you are not satisfied with the RAPID VACUUM WASHER we will gladly return your money.

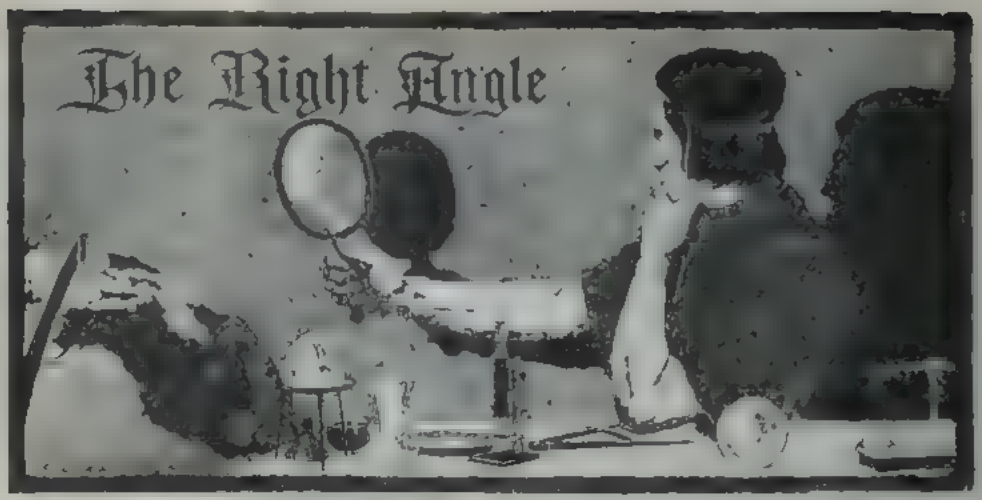
No more boiling. No more rubbing. You can throw your washboard away.

FREE—A SILVER TEA SPOON

To every reader of this paper who sends us this coupon and $1.50 for a Rapid Vacuum Washer within two weeks of the receipt of this paper, we will send along with the washer **absolutely FREE, a genuine Wm. A. Rogers Silver Tea Spoon.** Also our agent's terms which will show you how you can make $50.00 a week. Don't wait. Send to-day and the washer and spoon will be delivered to any address postage paid for $1.50.

Fisher-Ford Mfg. Co., Dept W. C M
31 Queen St. W. - Toronto, Ont.





CY WARMAN

CY WARMAN is dead. The news came to us with a shock. He had been a friend to CANADA MONTHLY for so long. When the magazine was only a thin-flanked, struggling bit of a hope, he wrote for it—was in every number for months at a time—and helped to build it up when we needed help sorely.

He had been a friend to us for even longer. Only a week or so before he was stricken, he had dropped in to tell a story and say a friendly word. We had laughed with him, and talked about making a trip west together this spring—only a little while ago. And now he was gone. The cast-off outer husk of him lay, thin and shrunken, in the casket in the chapel. The spirit of him—that ineffably boyish, cheery, light-hearted spirit that his friends loved—was gone out into the dark—where?

The immortal question, "If a man die shall he live again?" was not one greatly to disturb Cy Warman. One of his intimate friends has written of him, "In the formal sense, he was not religious. In the deeper sense, outside the creeds, he was intensely so. He held a philosophy, the soul of which animates every religion, and in that trust and understanding he lived and died.

So also we knew him ... and sincere man, direct of thought and deed, emotional and generous-hearted. Above all he was ... kindly. His chief delight was found in making others happy, and he knew that the secret of being happ... is found in serving others. W... knew a man who had a wild r... of

MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Wear Jaeger Spring Underwear and Smile at the Weather

The only safe-to-wear underwear for spring with its raw, cold days and variable weather is *pure wool* which prevents chills and preserves an even temperature

Jaeger Spring Underwear is pure wool of the finest quality made to meet all sanitary requirements.

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Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **Co.**

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32 King Street, West, Toronto
784 Yonge Street, cor. Bloor, Toronto
316 St. Catherine St, West, Montreal.

friends that loved him for no reason but his comradeship

Cy Warman's life was not a long one, as measured by the traditional span of three-score and ten. But into it he had crowded more living than most men experience in their whole lives

When little more than a boy, he began railroading, and it was the romance of the rails that first inspired him to sing. Mr. Dana, the great editor of the New York "Sun", brought him east and gave him his first life in the literary world. He came to be known as "The Poet of the Rockies" so well known, that the newspapers drew him away from the run and the roundhouse to fresh and wider channels

Yet the romance of the railway was in his blood, and drew him back—this time not in the roundhouse, but in the traffic department of the Grand Trunk Railway. He gained a wide knowledge of Canadian things and people, and wrote freely on Canadian subjects, much of his work appearing in CANADA MONTHLY. The last poem he ever wrote, "Ma Jolie Rose," was in habitant dialect, and was published in our March issue.

Perhaps the best known of his poems is, "Will the Lights Be White ?" a singularly significant poem that we will venture to say was in the minds of all his friends when the news of his passing flashed over the wires

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve.
As o'er strange rails we fare
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals, "Slow !"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go"
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there

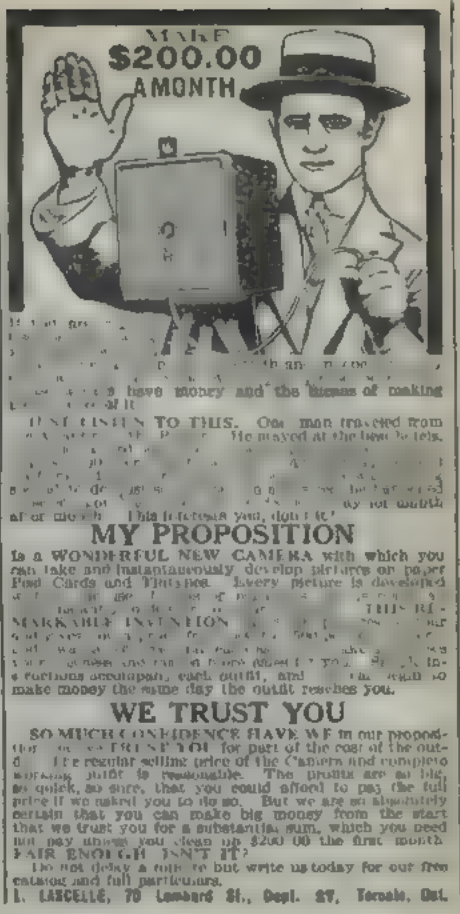
For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky ?
No man has ever liv[illegible]
Just what it means t[illegible]
Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night;
God only, knows what's at the end
I hope the lamps are white

We could formulate no better wish for him in the vast and shadowy spaces where he who was our friend is gone

ALBERTA'S 1914 CROP

REPORTS received by the local grain men at Calgary from different parts of Alberta show that the amount of fall plowing done last autumn will bring 750,000 more acres under grain this year than last

On this increased acreage it is estimated that 20,000,000 more bushels of grain will be grown, of which about



have money and the means of making [illegible]

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man traveled from [illegible] He stayed at the best hotels, [illegible] after month This interests you, don't it?

MY PROPOSITION

Is a WONDERFUL NEW CAMERA with which you can take and instantaneously develop pictures on paper Post Cards and Tintypes. Every picture is developed [illegible] THIS REMARKABLE INVENTION [illegible] Portraits and panel, each outfit, and [illegible] to make money the same day the outfit reaches you.

WE TRUST YOU

SO MUCH CONFIDENCE HAVE WE in our proposition [illegible] TRUST YOU for part of the cost of the outfit, the regular selling price of the Camera and complete working outfit is reasonable. The profits are so big, so quick, so sure, that you could afford to pay the full price if we asked you to do so. But we are so absolutely certain that you can make big money from the start that we trust you for a substantial sum, which you need not pay unless you clean up $200.00 the first month FAIR ENOUGH ISN'T IT?

Do not delay a min to but write us today for our free catalog and full particulars.

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Dennisteel Lockers

Dennisteel Lockers

Are and spacious [illegible]

Their Benefits.

[illegible] petty thefts [illegible]

Include Dennisteel Lockers in your specifications.

Dennis Wire and Iron Works Co., Ltd., London, Canada

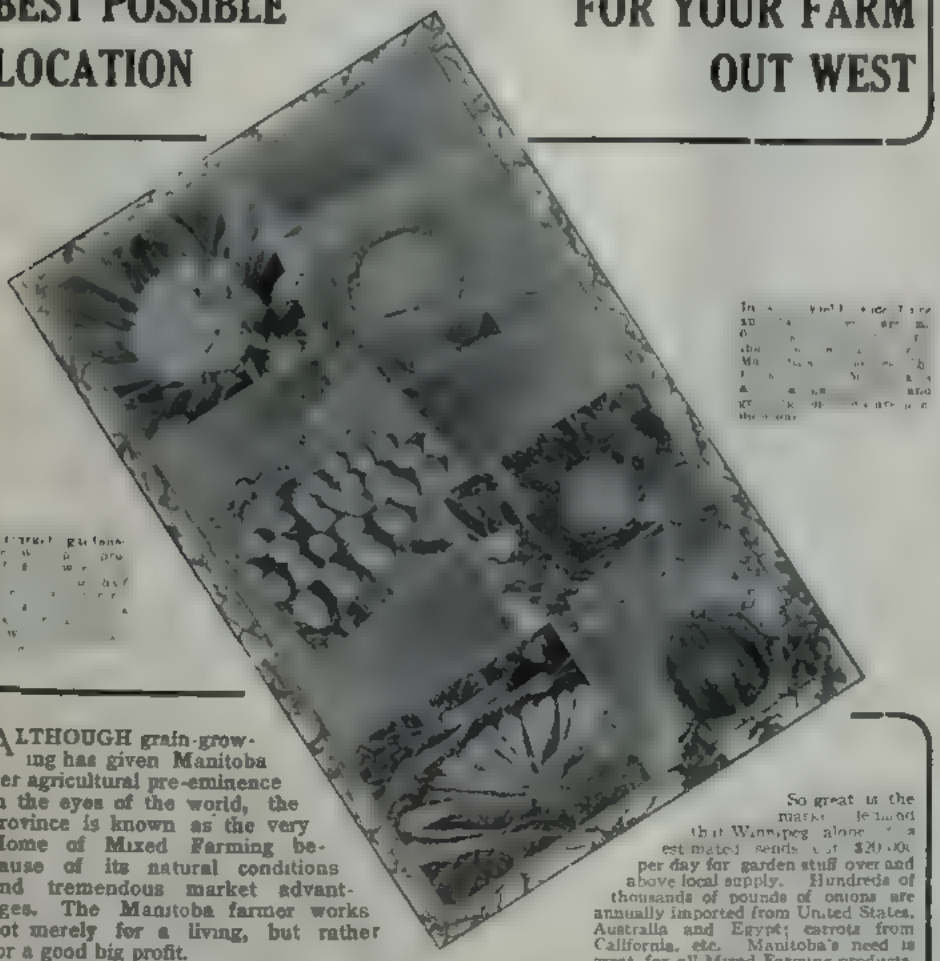
STAMMERING

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE BERLIN, CAN

MANITOBA

BEST POSSIBLE LOCATION FOR YOUR FARM OUT WEST



ALTHOUGH grain-growing has given Manitoba her agricultural pre-eminence in the eyes of the world, the province is known as the very Home of Mixed Farming because of its natural conditions and tremendous market advantages. The Manitoba farmer works not merely for a living, but rather for a good big profit.

Nowhere in the world can foods for stock be grown more successfully than in Manitoba, while a clamoring market points unwaveringly to substantial profits.

Customs returns show that during the year ending March 31st, 1913, Manitoba imported 1,596,480 dozen eggs, valued at $314,121. It took 54 cars to bring in the dressed poultry required over and above all local supply, representing a value of about $243,000. Approximately 3,000,000 lbs. of butter were received at Winnipeg from the United States and Eastern Canada during 1912, a value of $660,000, while Winnipeg creamery companies bought $120,000 worth of milk and cream from two Minnesota cities alone. The customs receipts for imported bacon and hams amounted to nearly 5,000,000 lbs., worth $573,569. Tomatoes came in cans at the rate of 238,292 lbs., while 16,722 bushels of potatoes were brought into the province, together with other kinds of vegetables to the value of $76,233.

Add these totals together and you have nearly two million dollars, waiting for somebody to come and pick them out of the rich Manitoba soil. Plenty of it available.

There is scarcely an item in the long list of food needs which cannot be produced by the Manitoba farmer, superior in quality to any of the importations which at present represent the huge difference between demand and total local supply. Only about one-quarter of the 25½ million acres of land surveyed in Manitoba was under crop this year. It will be seen at once, therefore, that Manitoba's great need is men to go on the land, and that this need is the newcomer's money-making opportunity.

Why not let us help you to cash in on it? Why not WRITE at once for literature and full information? There are so many sound, common-sense business reasons why you should choose MANITOBA as the location for your Western home that to go elsewhere before investigating this Market-Centre Province is to deal unfairly with yourself and your family.

WRITE.

So great is the market demand that Winnipeg alone ... estimated sends out $20,000 per day for garden stuff over and above local supply. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of onions are annually imported from United States, Australia and Egypt; carrots from California, etc. Manitoba's need is great for all Mixed Farming products.

JAS. HARTNEY, Manitoba Government Office, 77 York St., Toronto, or direct to

HON. GEORGE LAWRENCE

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration

WINNIPEG - - - MANITOBA

9,000 bushels will be wheat. This figure, of course, does not take into account the possible increase in yield over last on previously cultivated soil In other words, if the weather conditions are favorable this year, Alberta farmers will harvest a crop in 1914 which ought to mean $5,000,000 more than any previous yield

BOOSTING THE CENSUS

TEN million people in ten years for Western Canada is the slogan of the Western Canada Colonization and Development League, which will meet in convention the middle of this month at North Battleford to organize a comprehensive league devoted to the interests and growth of the region lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

The provinces, the railways, the cities and thousands of private companies and individuals have been advertising the resources and advantages of Western Canada, as represented by their own special district. Now it is proposed that Western Canada as a whole be advertised to the world. Much of the private advertising would, of course, be continued; but it is held by those promoting the league, that these individual interests would readily recognize the advantages of a Canada-wide organization and would devote to it a part of their regular advertising appropriations.

Another advantage would be the elimination of the present more or less unremunerative search for industries, by the establishment of a 10,000,000 population that would both produce and consume.

The outcome of the organizing convention will be worth watching.

RESULTS

AT the end of March, when the mixed farming cars that have toured the province of Manitoba this year in the interests of better agriculture were dismantled, their records showed that 178 meetings had been held, averaging three hours each, and that an average attendance of 91 had listened to the lectures and demonstrations, making a total of 16,178 farmers benefiting by the propaganda. The Agricultural College is naturally pleased with this increased showing, which indicates that the farming public is taking more interest in agricultural education, and is planning for a larger activity next season.

The more mixed farming cars and the more scientific agricultural schools there are, the better for the West. We hope that the day will soon come when all of our provinces will possess practical agricultural schools such as those of Alberta described by Mr. Rankin in this issue; and when the "mixed farming special" is as regular a visitor to every rural town as the mail-carrier.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 38.

gowns, plum-pudding hats, and Garden of Eden evening-dress. In one of his charming essays on woman, Schopenhauer says

"One need only look at a woman's shape to discover that she is not intended for either too much mental or too much physical work . . . . . It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual instinct that could give that stunted, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race, the name of 'the fair sex.' . . . . . "Women are directly adapted to act as the nurses and educators of our early childhood for the simple reason that they themselves are childish, foolish, and short-sighted—in a word are big children all their lives; something intermediate between the child and the man."

I don't suppose any woman to-day could read this without laughter. Why, the one thing a woman does know about a man is that he is and always will be her big child. Moreover men get their characters, their attributes and talents rather from the mother than the sire, and it was from the distaff side of the house that the Prince of Pessimism received his own. His mother was a clever practical woman, but without a soul. His grandmother was first a neurotic, then a lunatic. Schopenhauer disliked his mother because he was too like her. Had he known her, he would have hated his grandmother, and for the same reason. Then he grew to detest all women. Marriage, he said, was a debt contracted in youth and paid for—with interest—in old age. To be a philosopher, it is necessary—Socrates to the contrary—to be a celibate.

"WOT'S THE GOOD OF ANYTHINK? NOTHINK"

NO woman had the bad taste to love Schopenhauer. One poor drab, we believe, came in his way and paid heavily for it. The last glimmer of sexual sentimentality went with her. He climbed to a lone hill and flooded the valleys of the world with his bitterness. Now pessimism is a good thing with which to leaven life. It is the olive in the cocktail, and never has the Pedlar denied himself the bitter pleasure of stripping it to the stone. But we do not want too many olives, and old Schop was a whole olive grove in himself. What he wanted to get him right was a little Sylvia Pankhurst and her "Army with all the militant regiments at the back to help out.

One of the things we shall always regret is that Schopenhauer lived and preached in the days before the Feminist Movement arrived to cheer up a dull world. For the mere pleasure of giving old Schop a whirl we would

McCormick Binders

MANY years of McCormick binder experience have brought out the strong points of the machine and enabled the builders to devise features that make the machine still more efficient and satisfactory. There are a number of such features on McCormick binders, features which insure a complete harvest of the grain, whether it be short, tall, standing, down, tangled or full of green undergrowth.

For Eastern Canadian fields the McCormick binder is built with a floating elevator which handles varying quantities of grain with equal facility. The binder guards are level with the bottom of the platform so that when the machine is tilted to cut close to the ground there is no ledge to catch stones and trash and push them ahead of the binder to clog the machine. These are features you will appreciate.

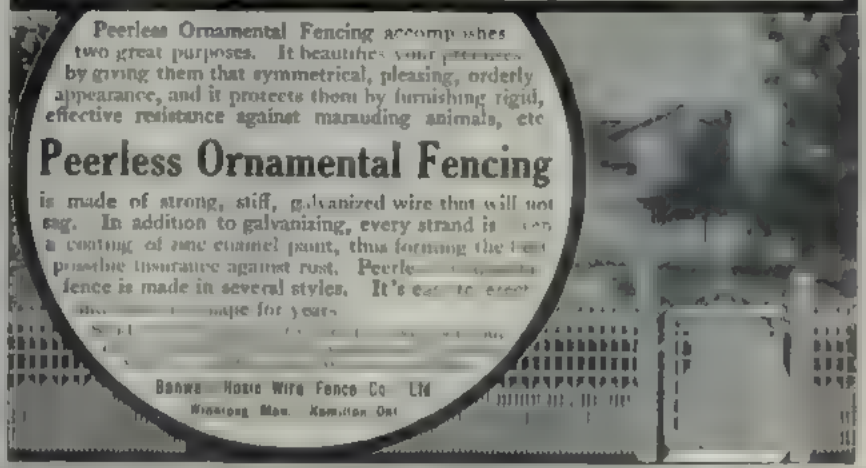
The McCormick local agent will show you the machine and demonstrate its good features to you. See him for catalogues and full information, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. London, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. Montreal, Que. St. John, N. B.

These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

Beautify and Protect Your Property



Peerless Ornamental Fencing accomplishes two great purposes. It beautifies your premises by giving them that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance, and it protects them by furnishing rigid, effective resistance against marauding animals, etc

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

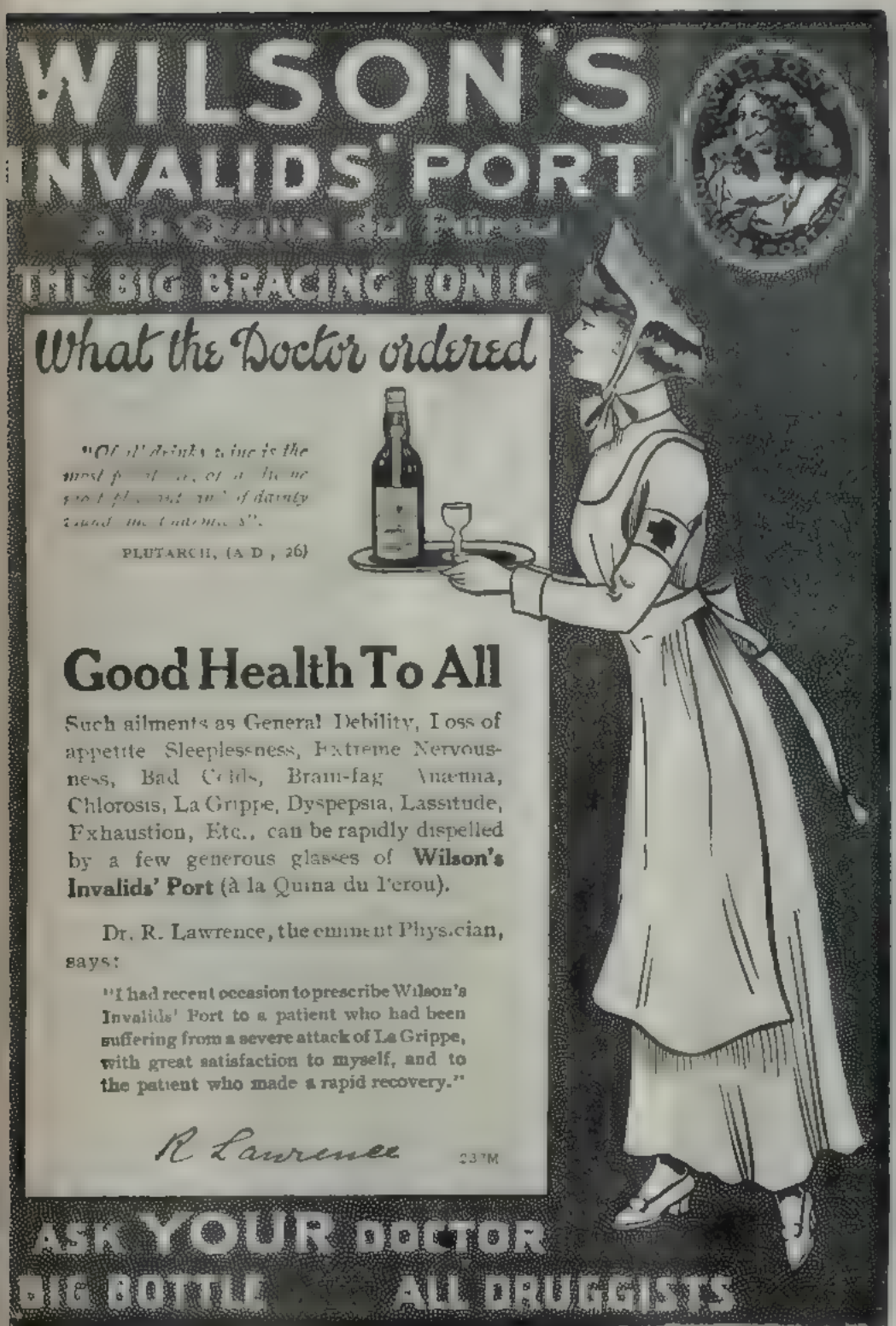
is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and will last for years.

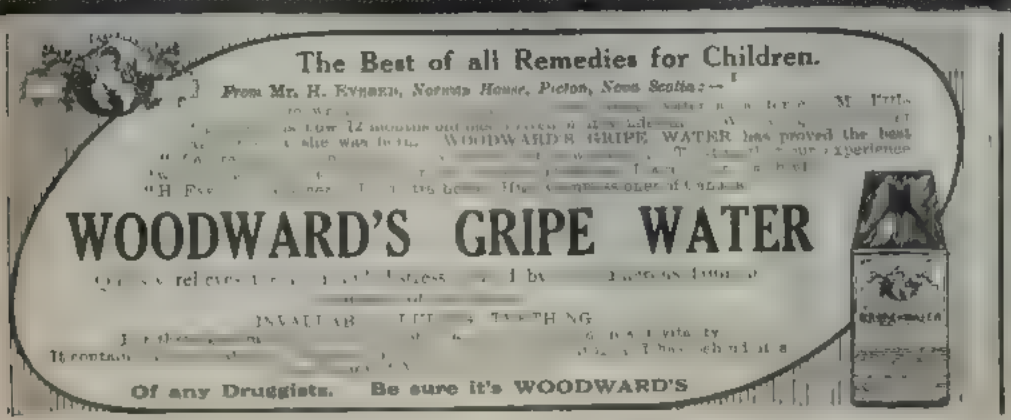
Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co. Ltd
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

By S. E. KISER. PRICE, 75 CENTS

VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Limited. · TORONTO, ONT


WILSON'S
INVALIDS' PORT
THE BIG BRACING TONIC
What the Doctor ordered
"Of all drinks wine is the most profitable, of all physic the most pleasant, and of dainty food the most wholesome".
PLUTARCH, (A.D., 26)
Good Health To All
Such ailments as General Debility, Loss of appetite Sleeplessness, Extreme Nervousness, Bad Colds, Brain-fag Anaemia, Chlorosis, La Grippe, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Etc., can be rapidly dispelled by a few generous glasses of Wilson's Invalids' Port (à la Quina du Pérou).
Dr. R. Lawrence, the eminent Physician, says:
"I had recent occasion to prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port to a patient who had been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, with great satisfaction to myself, and to the patient who made a rapid recovery."
R Lawrence
237M
ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE
ALL DRUGGISTS



have joined the militant brigade ourself and with a stalwart bough have cracked that over-large face out of h

He [illegible] was new to the world in [illegible] and the people wondered when he struck his first gloomy pessimistic note [illegible] regions. No good in anything. Life a mistake. Death the revenge of an Immortal on the Mortal. When you get what you desire, you find it worthless; when things are irretrievably gone, we value them. Existence means misery. Love is a sexual instinct Human life is a horrible mistake

Although this Schopenhauer [illegible] believed every word of it. By every law of health and well-being he should have been a martyr to indigestion. Instead he lived to be seventy-three and died alone on a sofa with his face to the wall. His countenance was peaceful, only, the little bitter smile had deepened. Perhaps he had learned that he was right and that human life was but a pathetic mistake after all Perhaps when he was hagridden by the utterly a Late Death met him But for all his wretched [illegible] he was great

'Bury me anywhere' he wrote 'they will find me" The best we can wish him for his sins is that he is sitting between Mrs Baker Eddy and Mrs Carrie Nation in the Heavenly [illegible]

THE DECAY OF PROCESSIONS

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN has departed from old England forever, and we have not heard of his arrival in Canada. For the information of those who have never heard of him, we may state that he was a May person of exceeding mystery who frolicked about inside a large extinguisher of green leaves. He was accompanied by the Queen of the May and supported by a company of fanciful characters, and he used to dance on the green of those enchanting villages that lie deep in the heart of every English Shire In reality Jack-in-the-green was a chimney sweep The legend ran that a certain Mrs. Montagu, in long past times lost her little boy, and found him again on a May Day in the company of some black but jolly sweeps In memory of this event the sweeps of London instituted the festival and procession of Jack and his friends

Another old procession which has fallen away is that of the "Boy Bishop" who was elected as patron of boys for three weeks in December Henry VIII cut off his head however in company with those of his wives, and though the festival and procession of boys lingered in the quainter rural English districts, it gradually withered away. The Feast of the Fools and the

Feast of the Ass have also passed away. In the latter procession were the prophets, David and others. The Ass —originally Balaam's—was a wooden fellow inside of which was enclosed a man who remonstrated when Balaam drove his great spurs against the wooden sides.

The feast of Alleluia arose from the hymn which declares that—

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below.

On the Saturday preceding Septuagesima the choir boys after service carried a bier supposed to contain the dead Alleluia. They buried the lady and resurrected her on Easter Eve. But she has been interred for a long time

By the way, it just strikes us that the above story will get us out of a tangle. A lady reader of CANADA MONTHLY wrote to the Pedlar some time ago asking that peripatetic (disciple of Aristotle) to name a young suffragette, who had just arrived from Noman's land. Why not Alleluia? Alleluia Robinson—pretty and suitable, we call it.

To return for a moment to our processions, there is yet another ancient one which has departed but left its ghost to wander about the corridors of St. Stephens. Still, every night when the House of Commons adjourns, is heard the strange cry of "Who goes Home?" In the days when London was infested by footpads it was the custom of all those members whose roads lay in the same direction as his to accompany Mr. Speaker to his house, guarding him on his dangerous path from the attacks of political enemies and public highway-men. "Who goes home with Mr. Speaker?" was the meaning of the inquiry. In these days when that right honourable gentleman steps into his brougham, or motor, and Cabinet Ministers depart by train, car, or bus, the cry is only a charming echo of the past, and one of those many survivals which a people with more than a thousand years of authentic and unbroken history would not willingly let die

There are indeed many ghosts wandering about London streets—ghosts of old processions, gay or grisly; ghosts flitting along Parliamentary corridors; old City ghosts which haunt Threadneedle street and Mincing Lane; literary ghosts that pad stealthily up and down Fleet Street, and lurk in archways and dark lanes; and those sad living ghosts of men and women that lie wounded and bruised in the battle of life, which haunt the Embankment, pausing in their monotonous walk to listen to Big Ben, himself a ghost, up there in the fog, call out the solemn hours.

Your Convenience
Is the foundation principle of the
Smith Premier
Typewriter

Not the manufacturer's convenience, but the buyer's convenience; not *our* convenience, but *YOURS*.

Take, for example, one feature—the Interchangeable Carriages and Platens. On the average typewriter there is no changing of platens and the changing of the carriage is almost a job for a mechanic. On the Smith Premier Typewriter either is as quick and simple as changing your hat. This means that the operator can get out a rush telegram or change in a second to any other work without disturbing what she has already done.

Then there is the *tilting platen*, for ease in making corrections; the *one stroke*, and one stroke only, in printing *every* character; and a dozen other special Smith Premier features. All of these mean the *convenience* of your operator—in other words, more efficient service for YOU.

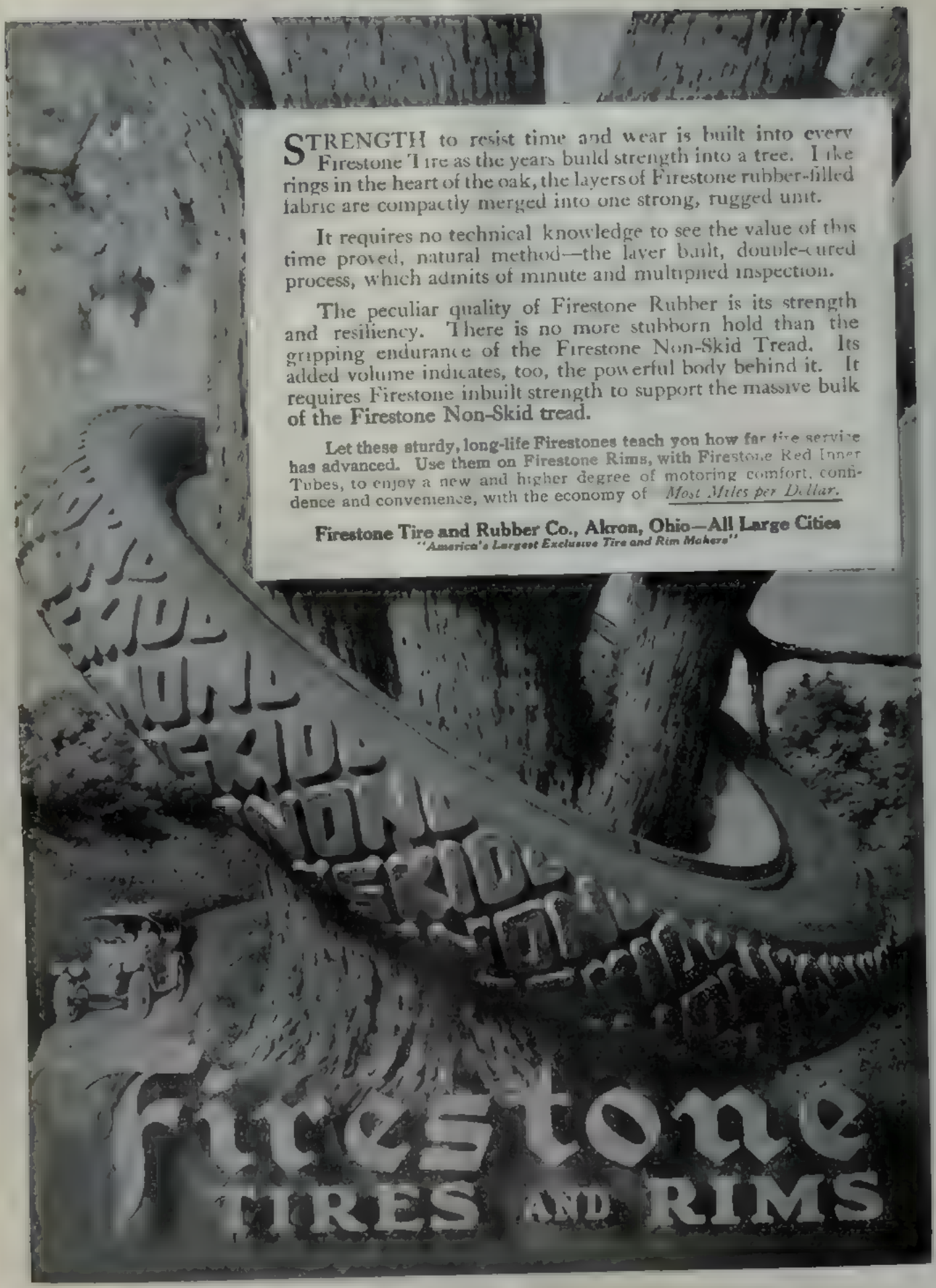
We have an illustrated booklet on the Smith Premier special features which we shall be glad to send on your request.

Smith Premier Department
Remington
Typewriter Company
(Limited)
Toronto, Ontario,
144 Bay Street
Offices in Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

Linking Up the West

Continued from page 31.

nipegger, then addressed the assemblage and suggested that as the first spike in the new railway had been driven by the Countess of Dufferin, it would be a graceful act to allow the ladies the honor of performing a similar operation on the last one Senator Sutherland suggested that all the ladies present might share in the ceremony, and to this assent was given. Mrs. W. H. Lyon and Mrs George Brown were handed hammers and the driving was begun. Other ladies followed in rapid succession, their efforts being happily commented on by a Hibernian navvy, named Dennis Murphy, who suggested that they "punch the stuffin' out av the sphike," and gallantly offered to do it for them Those who took part in the spike-driving in addition to the two ladies mentioned were: Mrs. W. F. Alloway, the Misses Spencer, Miss Blanchard, Misses Nixon Miss Bannatyne, Miss More, Mis[illegible]utherland. all of Winni-


STRENGTH to resist time and wear is built into every Firestone Tire as the years build strength into a tree. Like rings in the heart of the oak, the layers of Firestone rubber-filled fabric are compactly merged into one strong, rugged unit.
It requires no technical knowledge to see the value of this time proved, natural method—the layer built, double-cured process, which admits of minute and multiplied inspection.
The peculiar quality of Firestone Rubber is its strength and resiliency. There is no more stubborn hold than the gripping endurance of the Firestone Non-Skid Tread. Its added volume indicates, too, the powerful body behind it. It requires Firestone inbuilt strength to support the massive bulk of the Firestone Non-Skid tread.
Let these sturdy, long-life Firestones teach you how far tire service has advanced. Use them on Firestone Rims, with Firestone Red Inner Tubes, to enjoy a new and higher degree of motoring comfort, confidence and convenience, with the economy of Most Miles per Dollar.
Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Firestone
TIRES AND RIMS

peg; Mrs. Percy of London, England; Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Lellar, Miss Codd, of Emerson; Mrs. McNabb, of Glengarry, Ontario, and Mrs. Winn, Mrs. Robert Scott and Miss Sullivant of the Roseau.

The dinner of the occasion was served at the camp of the contractors, ten miles north of the Roseau River, and there were the usual toasts. United States Consul Taylor, who, during the long period of his residence in Western Canada, never missed an opportunity to reiterate his faith in the fertile prairies and their ability to sustain a large population, made a characteristic speech. According to his custom, he spoke of the vast extent of territory lying to the west of Winnipeg, through all of which lines of railway would have to be built in the coming years. He forecast the growth of great cities and hundreds of towns and villages on the plains, and suggested that the time would come when the wheat of Manitoba and North West Territories would be an important factor on the British market. He said the same things in public meetings scores of times in Winnipeg and elsewhere, and furnished every evidence of the depth of his faith at a time when the number of those who saw what the future had in store for Western Canada was exceedingly small. Consul Taylor proposed the toast to the Queen, responded to the toast to the President of the United States, and contributed largely, as he always did at public gatherings, to the success of the party. At the conclusion of the banquet there was much cheering.

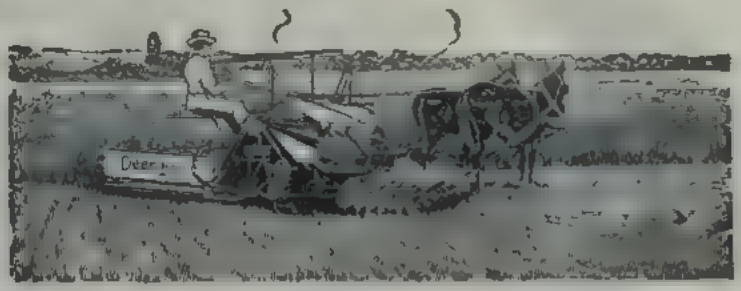
About the middle of the afternoon the train started for Winnipeg, the passenger list being considerably augmented by the addition of a number of residents of Emerson. Among these, on the train from the latter town, were Messrs. Traill, Baldwin, Douglas, Stiles, Garney, Killer, and Bradley. The run into Winnipeg was made in one hour and fifty-five minutes, and a second train carried south those who had come from Emerson to share in the festivities.

Following the driving of the last spike in this line on Tuesday, December 3, 1878, the first regular train from St. Paul arrived in St. Boniface on Saturday night, December 9, shortly after eleven o'clock. The train consisted of a locomotive, several flat cars, two cabooses, and one passenger day coach, an enumeration which brings a smile to the faces of the railway passenger agents who know most about the trains *de luxe* which are now operated through the same territory. There were twenty passengers on the train chiefly settlers from eastern Canada bound for points in the West. The first regular departure was made on Monday morning, December 11, at four in the morning. It was necessary to leave Winnipeg early, in order that passengers might catch the St. Paul and Pacific train at Crookston, Minnesota, at half-past five that afternoon.

In 1878 standard time had not been adopted, and the difference in time between Winnipeg and St. Paul was seventeen minutes. The running time from Winnipeg to St. Paul was thirty hours and forty-two minutes, now reduced to fourteen hours and ten minutes. The running time from Winnipeg to Toronto was seventy-three hours and fifteen minutes, now reduced to thirty nine hours and thirty-five minutes, and the running time to Montreal was eighty-nine hours and thirty minutes, now reduced to forty-seven hours and twenty-five minutes.

The time made in these days appears very slow to the modern passenger agent, but a railway, even if poorly equipped for business, is so great an improvement on the best system of stages drawn by horses that the welcome extended to the new method of

Deering New Ideal
A Money Saving Binder



THESE Deering binder features appeal to the farmer. The elevator, open at the rear, delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. Because the elevator projects ahead of the knife it delivers grain to the binder deck straight. A third packer reaches up close to the top of the elevator and delivers the grain to the other two packers. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain.

The T-shaped cutter bar is almost level with the bottom of the platform and allows the machine to be tilted close to the ground to pick up down and tangled grain without pushing trash in front of the knife. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used. The Deering knotter surely needs no recommendation.

The Deering local agent will show why Deering New Ideal binders are the standard of binder construction. See him, or, write to the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont. Montreal, Que.
Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. St John, N. B.

These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

ALWAYS INSIST ON AN "A. A."

The Pen with the Magic Button

This pen has gained universal popularity because of two exclusive features. One is a unique self-filling device which enables you to refill the pen from any inkstand or bottle simply by pressing the button. The other is the exquisite gold pen point, which has the flexibility of a fine steel point, and the durability of a hundred.

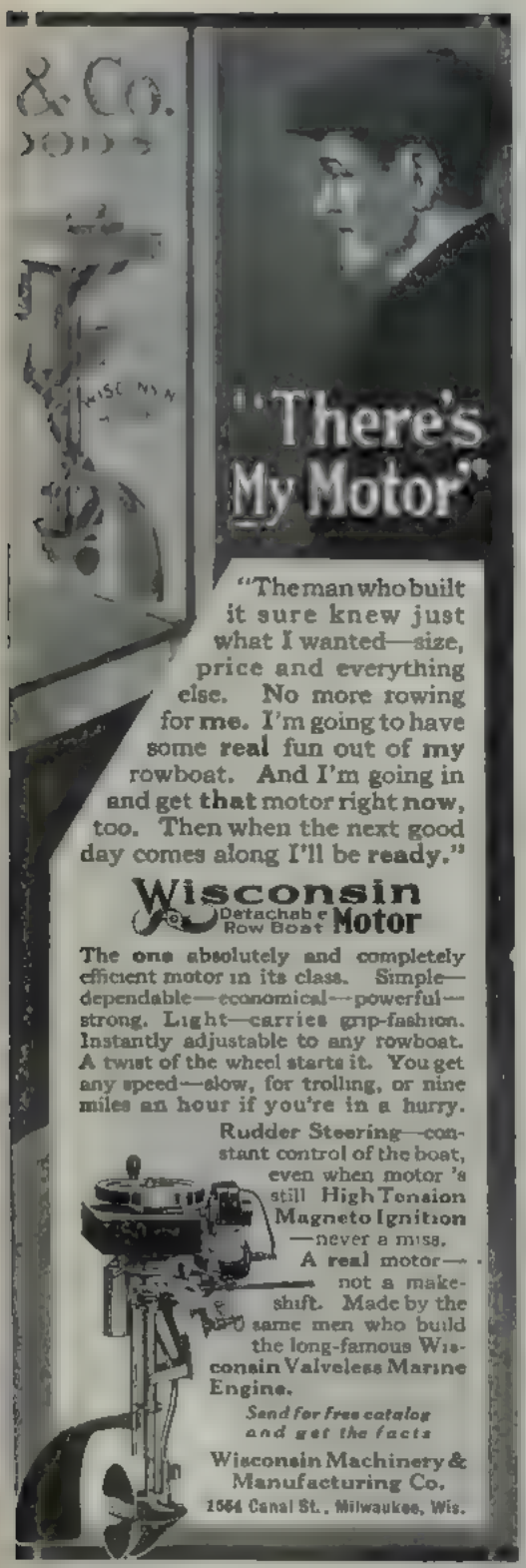
The "A.A." is to be had in all styles from $2.00 and up.

The "A.A." is absolutely guaranteed in every particular

Ask your druggist, stationer or jeweller, or write for our new catalogue showing our complete line of self fillers, middle joint and lever joint fountain pens.

Arthur A. Waterman & Co.,
22 Thames St., New York City

Not connected with
The L. E. Waterman Co.



"The man who built it sure knew just what I wanted—size, price and everything else. No more rowing for me. I'm going to have some real fun out of my rowboat. And I'm going in and get that motor right now, too. Then when the next good day comes along I'll be ready."

Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat **Motor**

The one absolutely and completely efficient motor in its class. Simple—dependable—economical—powerful—strong. Light—carries grip-fashion. Instantly adjustable to any rowboat. A twist of the wheel starts it. You get any speed—slow, for trolling, or nine miles an hour if you're in a hurry.

Rudder Steering—constant control of the boat, even when motor is still High Tension Magneto Ignition—never a miss.

A real motor—not a makeshift. Made by the same men who build the long-famous Wisconsin Valveless Marine Engine.

Send for free catalog and get the facts

Wisconsin Machinery & Manufacturing Co.
1564 Canal St., Milwaukee, Wis.

transportation in Manitoba is readily understood. With the advent of the railway, there was also the promise of the improved facilities which are provided for the traveller of the present day. The rate from St. Boniface to Emerson at that time was $3.25, as compared with $1.90 at the present time, and the rate from St. Boniface to St. Paul was $23.50, as compared with $10.00 at the present time. The reduction in this passenger rate is larger than the general public supposes

Although the terminus of the new line was in Canada, much interest in the extension of the railway into Manitoba was manifested in St. Paul, and the president of the Chamber of Commerce in that city was instructed to wire congratulations to the mayor and the city council of Winnipeg. The congratulatory telegrams which were interchanged at the time were as follows:—

St. Paul, December 2, 1878

The Hon. the Mayor and the City Council of Winnipeg:—

The Chambers of Commerce of this city instruct me to tender to you and the citizens of Winnipeg their respectful congratulations that the two cities are at length connected by iron bands, and to express their desire that intimate social and business relations will be the result.

Respectfully,
HENRY F. SIBLER, President.

Winnipeg, December 5th, 1878.

Henry F. Sibley, President, Chambers of Commerce, St. Paul, Minn.

Absence from town prevented sooner response to your congratulatory telegram. The council and citizens of Winnipeg heartily reciprocate the friendly sentiments therein expressed and hope to have the opportunity soon of exchanging, personally, good wishes and good offices with your people.

THOS. SCOTT, (Mayor.)

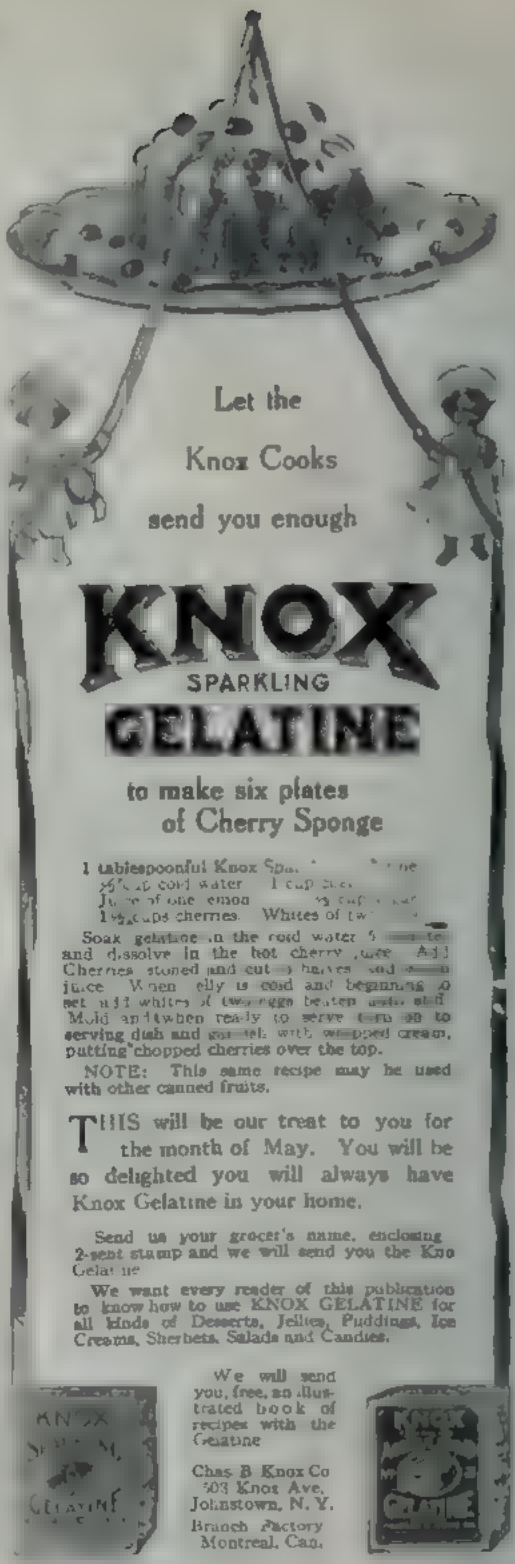
In connection with the opening of the new line, the Manitoba *Free Press*, from the files of which a portion of the information for this brief article has been secured, contained the following item:—

On the train carrying the excursionists from St. Boniface to the Roseau on Tuesday [illegible] was a large shipment of goods, consigned by W. H. Lyon, wholesale merchant, to J. Washington, who is about to open a store at the Roseau. It is confidently hoped that this is but the beginning of a large trade to be supplied by our merchants to country dealers

The fruition of the faith, which appears to have been somewhat faint and doubtful, is now to be seen in the wholesale district of Winnipeg, with its large and permanent warehouses, and in the laden freight trains which leave daily on the various lines radiating from the city.

The opening of this railway for freight and passenger business at the close of 1878 marked the practical termination of traffic on routes which old timers of Western Canada remember with considerable interest.

The method of entry into Winnipeg



Let the Knox Cooks send you enough

KNOX SPARKLING **GELATINE**

to make six plates of Cherry Sponge

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
Juice of one lemon
½ cup orange juice
1½ cups cherries
Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatine in the cold water ½ hour and dissolve in the hot cherry juice. Add Cherries stoned and cut in halves and orange juice. When jelly is cold and beginning to set add whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and when ready to serve turn out on serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, putting chopped cherries over the top.

NOTE: This same recipe may be used with other canned fruits.

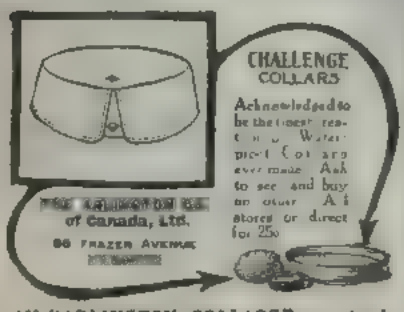
THIS will be our treat to you for the month of May. You will be so delighted you will always have Knox Gelatine in your home.

Send us your grocer's name, enclosing 2-cent stamp and we will send you the Knox Gelatine

We want every reader of this publication to know how to use KNOX GELATINE for all kinds of Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads and Candies.

We will send you, free, an illustrated book of recipes with the Gelatine

Chas B Knox Co
503 Knox Ave,
Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory
Montreal, Can.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Cash's Woven Names

prior to the date mentioned had been by the well known Dawson route, overland from Port Arthur, or by way of the Red River from Moorhead, Minnesota, which was then the terminus of the railway. During the winter season, passengers from Moorhead drove by stage from that point to Winnipeg. Thousands of people had found their way into Western Canada by these routes in the earlier years, and it is possible that, in years to come, through the development of water transportation, portions of the old routes may be largely used again. With the advent of the railroad, however, the former method of transportation ceased, and the West entered on a new and infinitely greater era.

It is still sometimes thought by some residents of Canada that it was the completion of the main line of the Canadian Pacific eastward which gave to the West its first connection with the outside world. The final completion of that great road between Winnipeg and Montreal was an event of the first importance, not only in the history of the West, but in the development of all Canada, but Western Canada owes its first railway conmmuication with the world outside largely to the construction of the line through the United States to the international boundary.

It may also interest some to know that the American contractors, who laid the steel to the boundary, by special arrangement crossed the line and continued their work until they met the gangs who were engaged in the same work from the Winnipeg end. This arrangement was made owing to the fact that when the American contractors, who were engaged in the building of the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Northern Railway, had reached the boundary, there was still a stretch of twenty-five miles of steel to lay on the Canadian side. Winter was coming on rapidly, and the completion of the enterprise was earnestly desired. The Americans were therefore engaged to assist on the last twenty-five miles and took part in the final operations.

Although connection between Winnipeg and Eastern Canada, over the main line of the Canadian Pacific, was not effected for several years after the completion of the line to St. Paul, work had been in progress on this great project.

Between 1874 and 1878, construction was being carried forward between East Selkirk and Fort William, and large quantities of rails were being brought down the Red River on barges and unloaded on the east side, at St. Boniface and East Kildonan. In 1876 a locomotive, with a number of flat cars and a conductor's van, were received in the same way. This locomotive, the first to be delivered in the country, was known as the Countess of Dufferin. It was used in forwarding material for the construction of the line from St. Boniface southward, and now stands in the C P R park. The Joseph Whitehead, the second locomotive in the country, was brought north in the same way, and was employed east of Winnipeg. Mr. Whitehead himself built the dump of the line from St. Boniface to Emerson in 1875, and was later employed on a large contract on the main line of the Canadian Pacific east of the city.

The branch line of the Canadian Pacific, from St. Boniface to East Selkirk, was constructed for the purpose of getting material to the main line. At that period, as is well known, it was the intention that the main line should not come into Winnipeg, but that the Red River should be crossed at a point where West Selkirk is now located. With this idea in view, track was laid to the river to a point known as Colwell's Landing, and a round house was erected at East Selkirk, which has not been used for many years by the railway company, except as an occasional detention house for certain classes of European immigrants

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Reminiscences of a Country Sunday School

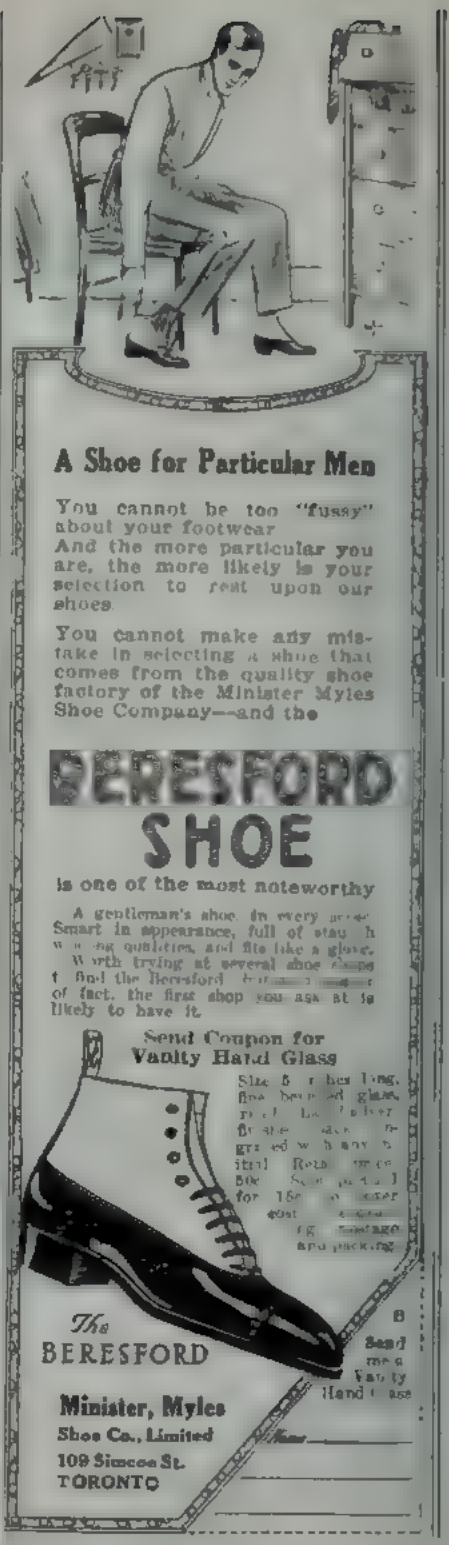
BY MARY LESLIE

THIS is how it began. Some years before there had been a Sunday School, managed by members of the Church of England, held at a school house in the neighborhood, but all interested in it had grown up, or moved away, and my sister thought it a pity that a few children should not be gathered together in our house and taught some of those sublime truths of Holy Writ, while the soil was soft and the good seed had a chance of springing. The school was held in the dining room in winter, but out of doors during the heat of summer; not in the orchard lest the green apples and birds should distract the young Christians, not in the garden lest the flowers and bees should lead them astray, but in the door yard.

Our school was unsectarian. There were not many children the first Sunday, but it soon increased to twenty-four pupils. My sister had the senior class, and I the infant class. There was a general thought at the time,—and alas! it still exists—that anybody if of a fairly moral decent character, could teach a Sunday School class; exceptional ability is not required, nor common sense, nor zeal, nor any other great quality. I was not a very willing teacher. "It is nothing," I was told, "nothing. You'll only have to amuse them a couple of hours, and get them to learn a verse or two of Scripture and a bit of a hymn. That's all."

Two hours for a child of twelve or fourteen is one thing, but for a little creature it is too long by an hour and a half. Nothing indeed, to make seven young children all under seven years of age, happy for two hours; not to bore or weary them; to keep them from being unruly; above all to get something of the love of God, the great scheme of salvation into their little skulls, to get them to like, not dislike and fear the mighty mind and heart behind the universe, avoiding that flippant familiarity which breeds contempt; to filter it all into a nourishment fit for babes, yet not to despise their feebleness and forwardness, but keep well before me that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Also if possible to teach them the alphabet of good manners, so that when they stepped forth into the outer world, they might, as the colored minister said to the newly married couple, "go along and behave themselves."

Talk of the difficulties of a Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary! Tut! His perplexities were nothing compared to mine. I soon found out that if I was not to be a miserable failure, doing harm instead of good, I must invent methods, lay plans; in short give my whole mind to the business; that a half-hearted teacher was worse than none at all. What the senior class learned, I am not in a position to say. I know they read a chapter in the Testament, verse about; and the occasional singing of a hymn, in which we all joined, diversified the thing, and sometimes they had a religious story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read to them, but I was too much taken up with my little flock of lambs to have time for anything but my own busi-

Now with all humility and many apologies to well equipped, full-fledged modern Sunday School teachers, I will explain my simple method. I had four slates, and on one side of each I drew lines, and made pot hooks and hangers, as the first step to writing, and a row of Arabic figures as a beginning of arithmetic; on the other side I made a sketch of a beast, bird, house, ship or face for the children to copy. Most of the pictures I took from Mrs. Trimmer's Natural History. I taught them individually. I began with the eldest, and heard his Scripture text or verse of a hymn. He repeated it after me six times, while the others were busy with their slates. The multiplication table was repeated in the same way. I took them all in turn. It was teaching by heart, a method which a satirical old grammarian called "by *hear't*, going in at one ear and out at the other." They said the tables after me till they knew them perfectly; then I put them in class and questioned them every Sunday. I taught them grammar by the old rhyme

"Three little words we often see
Are articles—a—an—and the."

They knew the parts of speech before I had done with them. The drawing and singing lessons were decidedly the most popular. I taught them the rules of addition and subtraction by means of apples; when the apples were of different colors, they seemed to get on better. They had the apples to take home, and in the summer a nosegay each, and went through the garden to help us gather them. In spring many of our children brought us wild flowers, and we gave them garden seeds to plant. We closed with "God save the Queen," and always prayed for her.

I was shut off in a corner by myself with my little flock, and the least promising urchin in the beginning soon became my most brilliant scholar. He was a red-haired lad "going six" like a clock, with hair brushed up, or turning by nature in what the others called "a cow lick." He always saw a lion in his path, and began unwillingly, but by and by warmed up. To every suggestion of mine, he responded like the plaintive bleat of a little sheep. "I *ca-ant*, please. I'm too young." His name was Jimmy. My second scholar was barely four; very broad, round about and rosy. He came in the first time as if propelled from a catapult, exclaiming, "Don't look at my 'at. It's my feyther's old 'at."

As far as I know, he never learned anything at all, except not to wear this hat in the house, and the meaning of "ladies first," which last accomplishment was taught by resolutely pulling him to the rear again, and making him say "I beg your pardon," whenever he bumped before the girls, in his desire to get out when school was over. His father told me when he came that he "knowed nothin'," and I think he left in the same condition, but he was a quiet child, sitting in a little chair Sunday after Sunday, smiling and gazing about him vaguely. He never tried to sing—Jimmy had piped up the first day, having a most telling voice—and only once did he misbehave, blubbering from sheer weariness of the flesh, I think, at the length of the entertainment. When asked what was the matter, he said he wanted "to *nuss* the old cat." This ambition seemed so harmless that I brought Pu s in, and set her in his lap. She didn't like Sunday School and at first was inclined to scratch, but when she caught the idea

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and began to purr, he laughed with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

There was another boy of English descent who learned his hymns, and texts, as he expressed it "like a good 'un." He walked a long way, and one Sunday when a pouring rain came on, it was a problem to know what to do with him. "Don't you fret," said he cheerfully, "my old dad will come for me with his umbreller." Sure enough he did, and thanked us quite heartily for our "trouble," saying he did not wish his boy to grow up "a 'eathen." He carried the child off pick-a-back. I had one girl in my class, just turned four. She was fair and freckled. Her name was Ruth, and she wore a pale blue frock, and had a five cent piece with a hole in it for a locket. She was a bright receptive little pitcher, ready to take and retain any good thing you wished to pour in. She learned to sing, to sketch, to "do addition," and not a boy there could get before her, small as she was.

Time would fail me to tell of the other four (though I remember them distinctly) and also a casual, who dropped in about once in six weeks; a Scotch boy who had a large blue bonnet with a silver thistle in it. He wished to wear it in the house, and as this could not be, we hung this crowning glory on a chair, where he could keep his eye upon it. He would not speak, and I never heard his voice from first to last, but he had a contemptuous and critical air. He came with his sister who was in the senior class.

The first hymn taught was "Jesus loves me," and a little chap thus interpreted the author's meaning:

"Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is"—

a long pause—then a sigh—"heavy." One hymn "There Is a Happy Land" was sung sometimes by one boy as a solo, and they all liked it. The third, "Happy They Who Trust in Jesus," had a fate out of the common. When it came to the last verse,

"As a bird beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there."

Ruth exclaimed as a case in point "We've dot little chicks," and Matty, slipped out and returning as we chanted "Amen," with a young bird in his hand, a tiny fledgling out for its first flight, said, "I seed 'im out o' winder in the gardin; I crep' through the 'ole in the board an' caught 'un."

Here was a complication for explanation and pointing of the moral.

My sister's ambition was that they should "sing with the understanding" as well as the voice, and the words of every hymn were learned perfectly. We taught "Glory to Thee, My God This Night;" "Hark What Mean Those

Holy Voices," and many other beautiful hymns, besides the Lord's Prayer and many texts.

The school lasted three years. There were no rewards or prizes, save a picnic in the woods, the most successful I ever attended. It was a perfect summer's day; there were two swings, some games, and a generous supply of good things to eat. The tipple was lemonade and weak wine and water. Jimmy sat on a stone and played the jew's-harp; many of the parents came, and I remember a baby in long clothes, handed about like the cake and wine, and nursed by everybody, and a shy youth perched in a tree like King Charles in the Royal Oak, watching the fun below. We had very little opposition to our school, though one lad frankly told my sister that the Sunday schools in town—he had tried them all—were "better fun" than ours.

Also a learned magnate called one Sunday to examine the children as to their teaching, having heard that our doings were "irregular." He asked them many questions and admitted that they answered intelligently, but when he wished them to "define the nature of an oath, and the obligation in it," they were non-plussed and silent, till one of my little billy-goats piped up voluntarily, "Daddy swears sometimes."

This turned his attention to the infant class, and I put forward Jimmy to repeat his masterpiece, one of Mary Howitt's poems. His diction was beautifully clear and correct, and the reverence, the simplicity of the little chap in the last verses was touching.

"I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
Under the forest tree,
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.
I wish you could have seen him there,
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood."

The critic was mollified, and though he shook his head, and said "this is secular instruction, not religious teaching," he smiled tolerantly, patted the little scholar on the head, and allowed himself to be politely dismissed, with a rose for his button-hole.

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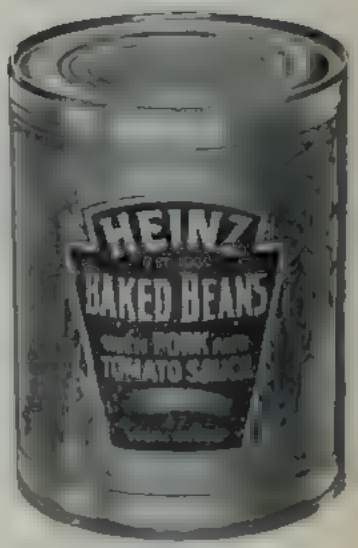

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Thomas Edison—Ex-Canadian

BY JOHN M. COPELAND

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE on isolated St. Helena once exclaimed to his aide, "Montholon! Montholon! The world has produced but three great generals, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and myself."

As far as generals are concerned, that may—or may not—have been true. But in sharp contrast to Napoleon's campaigns of destruction and his monumental ruin of his fellow-men, stands out the constructive genius and scientific achievement so quietly evolved for man's benefit by the brain of an equally unique genius, Thomas Alva Edison. He has contributed more to the advancement of modern civilization than any other one man, and by inheritance at least he is a Canadian.

His forebears travelled to the Land of Evangeline with the United Empire Loyalists in Revolutionary time. A generation later, they left Nova Scotia and settled in that part of the Province of Ontario now registered as the County of Norfolk. Near the little town of Vienna, close to Lake Erie, where relatives of the Edisons still reside, Thomas Edison's elder brothers were born. In 1837 the family transferred their fortunes to Ohio, and there the lad Thomas and his sister first beheld the sunshine

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Evidently the boy's elementary education began in that state, but the fact that his brother, Pitt Edison, managed a street railway at Port Huron, Michigan, probably accounts for the lad's presence thereabouts and furnished an incentive to his nomadic predilections.

Joseph Draper, of the County of Tipperary, a ninety year old veteran living in Toronto, who was in 1855 a giant conductor on the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad (Northern Railway) remembers well how young Thomas Edison sold newspapers on trains running between Detroit, Port Huron, Sarnia and London. He declares that the embryo merchant was an active, well behaved and likable stripling who, even during the chrysalis stage, nourished a specific bent by carrying with him a portable telegraph key. During the waning months of the Civil War, 1865-6, he obtained in Detroit a printing press and learning the contents of bulletins from station to station, set up en route and printed the news of the moment which he sold along the line as the "Grand Trunk Herald."

Living in an atmosphere of daily contact with telegraphing, he took to "jerking lightning" like a sailor to the sea, soon becoming proficient.

In 1867 he worked on the wire, covering the "night trick" at Stratford, Ontario, and was also at Park Hill, where the late Geo. B. Reeve, of Grand Trunk and Southern Pacific prominence, picked up operating.

Every railroad telegrapher is said to experience once, sooner or later during his career, the horror of being temporarily petrified with alarm on finding he has ordered two trains to pass "head on" or from the rear on a single track. Railroad rumor only is my authority for repeating a report that young Edison figured in such a "collision on paper" at Camlachie, Ont., which he averted by quick thinking and rapid action.

In his commercial wire practice at Detroit his colleagues of other days remember him as a good press reporter whose handwriting resembled printing more than a string of Spencerian script. They tell how he tied the Gotham wiseacres and would-be jokers into knots, with his apparently deliberate speed, the key and its characters being a part of him, like a Centaur and his horse. His demeanor was at times friendly and discursive, followed by spells of dreamy reflection and profound reticence. He would frequently immerse himself in tinkerings with the sounder and key, adding to and endeavoring to make them different and more amenable to his advanced ideas. The reel with a paper ribbon on which a message from the other end was registered by means of dots and dashes indented thereon, had not then been entirely replaced by the sound system.

In many guises I have heard repeated the story of his original device for answering his dispatcher's call, though wrapped in the arms of Morpheus for forty pilfered winks. He was working in Western Ontario and the rule declared that each operator should keep in touch with the dispatcher every hour while on duty. The operator must write "6" and sign his telegraphic signature of a letter or two. This meant the next thing to eternal vigil-

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ance during the quiet hours of the night.

Edison pondered this problem and attached an extra wheel to the mechanism of the office clock, governing it by an independent spring. Around the rim of this wheel he cut the dots and dashes spelling the stereotyped message and his code signature, arranging the wheel's position so that it made one revolution each hour at the time agents usually flashed "All well." From the clock pinions a series of wire coils connected with a weak solution jar battery, were rigged and thence passing over the telegraph key joined the charged main wires leading therefrom.

When the clock struck each hour, the supplementary wheel sent the necessary intermittent ticks along the temporary mediums and these were in turn transmitted via the trunk wires to headquarters. With such ingenuity did the budding inventor abbreviate his nocturnal vigils and conductors "Mammoth" Johnston and "Silk Hat Dick" Thorpe never knew the difference as they whizzed past into the encircling gloom.

This anecdote bears the hall mark of a measure of probability and has been vouched for by some of Edison's contemporaries, but the yarn that he once affixed to the telegraph office door a contrivance that made it collide with the nasal organ of a spying superintendent is probably spurious.

When working at Fort Gratiot he introduced an improvement in relaying messages across the river at Sarnia which reduced by half, the labor involved, evincing in this test an early aversion to ponderous method and high costs, which has characterized his subsequent experiments and helpful discoveries.

On February 24th, 1868, Mr. Edison arrived in Toronto en route for Boston and after a brief visit with his former friend John Murray, a well known dispatcher, started eastward. On this date a traffic paralyzing three day storm set in and the train was snow stalled, compelling Mr. Edison and several others to return. Expecting improved weather and resumption of train service, he spent considerable time about the old depot and men who met him then state that he was a desultory talker, an inveterate thinker and a steady smoker quite oblivious to the fleeting hours of the night. The late James Stephenson was superintendent at Toronto that winter, Henry Bourlier, so long and honorably connected with the Allans, was station agent, W. A. Wilson, erect and active to-day with the "New York Central," was the Morse Code operator, W. C. Nunn—inventor of the railway signal in '58—was agent at Belleville, Ont., and that thoroughbred, Mr. Frederic

Black Tan and White Best for the Shoes

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

In new patent "Easy Opening Box" 10c Easiest to use

Ships Carry Anchors in Fair Weather

And Thoughtful Men Carry Accident Insurance Because Accidents Happen When Least Expected

OUT of thirty men who lost their lives in a recent fire in a western city, five or one-sixth of the total number carried accident insurance in **The Travelers**, under which the Company will pay the beneficiaries **forty-eight thousand dollars.** The cost of these five policies was $95.00.

This protection is furnished at an annual expense per thousand of less than **two cents per day** by a company which has been writing accident insurance for over fifty years and has paid accident benefits to over 632,000 policyholders.

If you are not carrying an accident policy, apply for one today in the largest accident insurance company in the world.

It will be too late when the need strikes home.

Travelers accident policies are famous for their broad coverage, fair spirit of adjustment and prompt payment.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. Can. Ma. 0

Please send me particulars regarding your accident policies
My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below:

Harry Lauder singing to himself

"They adore me when I've got my trousers on, but they love me in my kilt."
"Rob Roy MacIntosh"—Victor Record No. 70004

When the famous Scotch comedian wants to "hear himself as others hear him," he becomes his own audience of one before the Victrola.

And he hears himself just as his vast audiences hear him all over the world, just as thousands hear him on the Victrola in their own homes, just as you too can hear him.

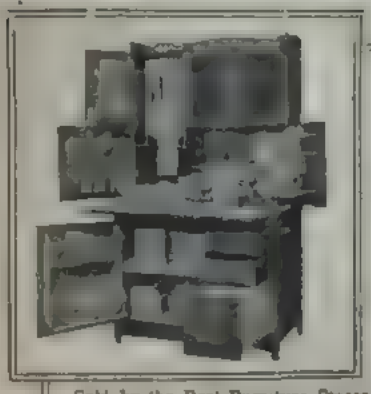
Hearing Harry Lauder on the Victrola is really hearing him in person — his delightful droll Scottish dialect and humorous personality are all there in Victor Records, and Lauder himself has pronounced them "simply 'to the life'".

Any "His Master's Voice" dealer in any city in Canada will gladly play any of the 41 Lauder records, or Victor Records by such other well-known artists as Christie MacDonald, Blanche Ring, Elsie Janis, Al Jolson, Montgomery & Stone, Nat Wills, Nora Bayes, Robert Hilliard, George M. Cohan.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $20 to $300

Berliner Gram-o-phone Company Limited
Montreal.

DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY 363-33g



If Men Had to Work In the Kitchen

If any of you men had to work in the kitchen and knew just how [illegible] three times a day—with a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet you'd have one inside of [illegible]

Then why let your wife go on tiring herself day after day when you can [illegible] much?

Get her a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet right now She will surely appreciate your thoughtfulness.

[illegible] ordinary [illegible]

Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
REGISTERED

Sold by the Best Furniture Stores in every Town and City
Ask for Booklet M

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.,
Hanover - - - Ontario

Glackmeyer, Parliamentary Sergeant-at-Arms 1867-1913 was making his initial bow in railway service, probably where Thomas Edison purchased his transportation. On February 27th, he again essayed the sixteen hour journey to Montreal and at Boston in 1870 the duplex system appeared, enabling two operators to send independent messages over a single wire. Then came his perfection of the quadruplex, permitting two people at each end to forward and receive telegrams simultaneously

Some of the familiar creations of his brain include the telegraphic button repeater, an electric pencil with motor for duplicating, the waxen phonographic records, dictaphone and revolutionizing incandescent light. Today the speaking cinematographic pictures or kinetophone, steps confidently out of the laboratories at Orange, N.J., to mystify yet convince the incredulous and expectant populace

Some years ago his friend John Murray paid his respects at New York and was well received by his former acquaintance. Requesting permission to inspect the interior economy of the Western Union telegraph office, Mr. Edison introduced him by letter to the proper person, asking that every attention be shown him and adding, "When Mr. Murray was an operator on the 'G. T. R.' I was a news vendor."

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 28

to Sir Fulke. I know he does not care for your father—but you are different. I know he would care for you!"

"To what end?" asked the young man. "I had rather remain as I am—I don't want to owe anything to my father's people. They might not care for a singer."

"Sir Fulke would care for you, particularly if he saw you shoot," said the Colonel

"I am due in Paris in a little time."

"Don't be too proud, Sinclair—that old man is eating his heart out with grief—he hates your father—he has lost his own sons—if he were to see you he might think that life still held some compensations."

Sinclair did not answer for a moment or so and then he said with a quick laugh, "No, Sanday, it would not do! You see, I elected to become a singer. I might never outlive my father—he is Sir Fulke's heir, not I!"

"But why should you not outlive your father? I never saw a man who seemed to be in better physical condition."

"I don't know why I said that," said the young man frankly, "except that I don't feel as if I should live to be very old! I lack the desire, I suppose—I never want to outlive my voice."

"I had no idea you cared so much for that."

Again Robert laughed. "You don't understand," he said. "I suppose I am many-sided—no artist is anything but that. I'll think over what you say about Sir Fulke, if he can be got to understand that I don't want anything out of him. At any rate the thing is impossible for the present."

They had reached the house and Sanday went in. Robert hesitated, he had seen Valerie disappear into the house and he had no wish to go in just yet.

He walked towards the terrace and stood at the same place where he had seen Valerie waiting two days ago. She had been waiting for him and he had known it. In this twilight, he fancied he could still see her outline. could still hear the voice he loved best in the world. And for a moment he gave himself up to dreaming of what might have been, if his father had not been the man he was.

"I should have been heir to a fine estate," he said. "I should have been a soldier. Valerie would have been my wife, we should have lived together in absolute content and our children would have played about our knees, I should have sung to her and she would have played for me. I should have stood by her side and the piano candles would have brought out all the red gold of her hair and her white hands would have wandered over the keys and when I had finished singing she would have looked up at me and would have known it was all for her."

It was quite a simple dream this—naturally he thought about his singing and her playing for him—but the mainspring of it all, was love—his love for her and her love for him—that quiet, deep love that has its roots in eternity!

"What a fool I am," he said to himself and turned to go.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned quickly and in the deepening darkness, he recognized his father.

"The best about a great man is, that his whereabouts cannot be hidden." Geoffrey Sinclair cried almost gaily: "The papers, my son, tell me that you are staying with our old acquaintances, the Mertons." The captain's speech broke across Robert's visions like a great ugly scar across a fair body. He shook off the hand that his father had laid upon him.

"Why should you particularly want to know where I am?" he asked

"You have a peculiarly straight way of asking a question," the captain said with a sneer. He could not keep up a pretence of gaiety with his son. The fundamental differences between them were too great. He hated Robert for his youth and his beauty and his fame and most of all because he had money and he, the captain, had none.

"But you have not a peculiarly straight way of answering one."

"I will answer it straight enough. I wanted to know where you were because I wanted money," he said

"My lawyer wrote me on the first of August that he had sent you fifty pounds," said Robert. "The next instalment is due the first of November!"

"The first of November," said Geoffrey Sinclair. "It is now the beginning of October. Do you think I can live on air until then?"

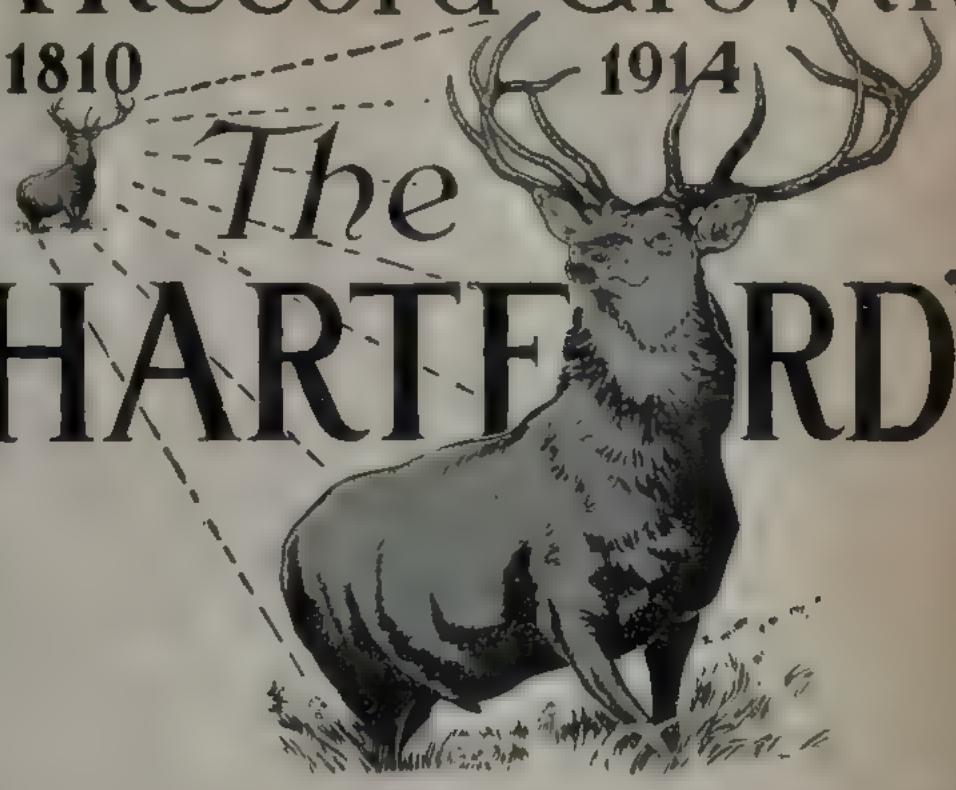
I am afraid," said Robert quietly that I have not given that subject much consideration. "I told you the amount I was prepared to allow you—it is for you to arrange your expenditure according to your income

And if I tell you that the [illegible] not be done That it is impossible for a man of my habits to live on a paltry two hundred a week

"Then I am afraid you will have to change your habits!

A Record Growth

1810 1914



The "HARTFORD"

From small beginnings in 1810 the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has, in 1914, reached its present preeminent position in the fire insurance field. Its steady growth in strength has been unretarded by the enormous losses it has paid to its policyholders both in the great conflagrations of American History and in those small but persistent losses which occur somewhere every minute of every day and night.

Willingness to adjust losses fairly, ability to pay fully and readiness to pay promptly are the three great fire insurance virtues and they are the explanation of the "Hartford's" growth and prosperity.

When you need Fire Insurance

Insist on the "Hartford"

DOCTOR, MERCHANT

FARMER, MANUFACTURER

It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things: **Safety, Service.**

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the

"Most Envied Tire in All America"

Speed for the Doctor
Reliability for the Merchant
Comfort for the Farmer
Durability for the Manufacturer
Safety for all

And these hosts of motorists, not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.

"To change my habits!" You young coxcomb!" The captain allowed his wrath to overflow and Robert was irresistibly reminded of his boyhood and the blows that woud have followed an outburst like this.

He waited until Geoffrey Sinclair had finished hurling epithets at him and then he spoke again, "I told you once for all, that I would allow you two hundred a year—I was a fool to do that, I suppose, but I could not allow the man my mother had married to starve—but I will not allow you one penny more!"

He turned away—the thing disgusted him. That he should have to deny money to anyone, especially to this man, was a loathsome thing. And yet he knew that if he were not firm, this kind of scene would be repeated as long as he lived.

"But I tell you it is impossible to live on a sum like that!"

"What did you live on before you found out my identity with the singer—what do you think we lived on, my mother and I, all the years that I was learning my trade?"

"I am sure I do not know" said his father disdainfully. "Your mother had, I always believed, some secret ways of getting money, that I knew nothing of!"

His son's face was not good to look on

"I'll trouble you to explain exactly what you mean by that," he said slowly.

His father drew back: there was something threatening in the very quietness of Robert's voice.

"I mean, that she must have sold more stuff, than I knew of," he sa

"Very well—we will leave it at that. If you dared to insinuate anything derogatory to her, I should have knocked your teeth down your throat. My mother had a means of getting money, that you had not. She *worked*! You consumed the product of her work!"

"A man of my temperament cannot demean himself to go from shop to shop selling his wares," said the captain, and then he added unconscious of the childishness of his remark, "Besides, I could not have modelled in clay!"

"You could have borne your part," said Robert and then he turned away impatiently. "This is futile—you could have been an honest man, I suppose. You could have handed down a stainless name to your son. You could have worked for your wife and child, but you did none of these things There is no more to be said!"

"Except that I am asking you for the loan of some money!"

"You can save youself the trouble of asking."

"But I tell you that I must have it!"

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"
Your healthy, husky boy or pretty, playful girl will enjoy Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath and what they enjoy you will also appreciate.
FAIRY SOAP
It is healthfully cleansing, of course—and it is sweet and pure and clean because it is made of fine vegetable oils.
Each white, oval floating cake of Fairy Soap is good for twenty-five full baths.
Wears to the thinnest wafer — that's economy; delights its user —that's satisfaction
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL

"You will have to get it as you can!"

"I will ask Lord Merton!"

To be continued.

Introducing Louis

Continued from page 24

But all this about our voyageur, and, so far, not a word about your letter with its description of Their Excellencies' Garden Party, the Yacht Club affair, and other "doin's" in the home city. You are indeed in your element, and I'm sure your new gowns are all that you say. But to save me I can't work up much interest in such things. This life in the open has a way of twirling you round and round, till you find yourself reversing your opinions and beliefs, also your perspective

For instance, this moose hunt in the

Overland

$1250

Completely equipped
f. o. b. Toledo
Duty paid

$1425 —With electric starter and generator, f. o. b. Toledo Duty paid

The Most Suitable and Sound Investment For The Whole Family

RIGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-round-family-car on the market. It is not too large nor is is bulky or cumbersome. On the other hand, it is not small, dinky or stunted—but just the right size for the full comfort, and the complete and everlasting enjoyment of every member of your home circle

And the price—

Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs a full 30% less than any other similar car made

In view of this can you afford to pay more for some other car that does not give you as much as you can get in the Overland?

Remember the cost is 30% less

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up to day. Catalogue on request Please address Dept. 3.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request

Peace River Country seems ever so much more important, inspiring, and altogether desirable than any garden party could possibly be. Thanks though, for the letter. Something about it, the faint fragrance (lilac, isn't it ?) or the family crest, made me homesick for the moment. The perfume brought up the big garden sloping to the orchard, the garden where we dreamed our dreams and—oh, yes, that garden is grand.

The crest was even more than a call, it was a challenge. I spread the envelope out on my knee as I sat by the campfire at noon, and studied it. What a dignified, benevolent looking unicorn is ours ! Unconsciously, quite unconsciously, I'm sure, he hitched his horn in that corner of my heart where I store my sentiments and ambitions, and pulled gently toward the presidency of the Daughters of Social Service, the Country Club, a certain luxurious launch, a whole jumble of delectable things. Heighho ! Finding this ineffectual, he withdrew, and charged me like a cross old goat, impaled me, gave me a prodigious toss toward the effete east.

The wind carried your envelope away and Louis brought it back. He seemed amused.

"This," I said, holding it up, "is our family crest."

"Very gran'," he returned lightly. "Wait, ol' Louis hab cres', he show you, yes."

From his belt he drew a something made of embroidered deerskin and wampum covered with hieroglyphics. "Me, I had mooch cres'. My gran-fadder he ees Eagle Tip. Ever hear 'bout heem, Eagle Tip de scalp taker ? See, dis ees stone head arrow, dis ees de high fedder for de warrior's head, yes. De axe she is leetle but weecked, and here," with a lean brown finger on a string of scalps, "ees w'at you call de proof ob de pudding, see ?"

I saw, and turned sea-sick. Ugh, those scalps !

[illegible] de gran'fadder of [illegible] "He wove de [illegible] ob his teepee dat all can know hee's all more men dan odder folk. He mak' dam' good fight al'right, but hees dead long tam. Me, I'm not beeg warrior, for w'y I mak' hees cres' mine, eh ? Too mooch man, me, to ornament wit' scalps some odder feller took, b'gosh !"

"If you value it so lightly, why do you treasure it ?" I demanded irritably.

Oh, Coz, if you could have seen the maliciousness of his merriment.

"Ol' Louis he is fool, too; he tell heemself dat some tam he is meet man or woman he want show off to, spread de tail lak peacock. You know de way, eh ?"

No Man Can Justify Higher Tire Prices

Higher Than Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires

Many other Canada-made tires are offered from one-eighth to one-third higher than Goodyears.

More Can't be Given

We say to you—after 14 years of trying—that more of value can't be given than we give in No-Rim-Cut tires

And no other tire costs so much to make, unless that cost is due to wasteful methods or to smaller output.

We give you here, in a costly way, the one feasible tire that can't rim-cut.

We give you the "On-Air Cure" —to minimize blow-outs

We have reduced by 60 per cent. the risk of loose treads

And in All-Weather treads we give you an anti-skid with which nothing of the kind compares. Yet for these you actually pay *less* than for other Canada-made [illegible] tire

And not another tire on the market offers you any one of these costly features.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Made in Canada

These tires are made by Canadians in Canada. As part of the Goodyear organization, our Bowmanville factory gives you the benefit of the experience and methods of our great Akron plant.

We have a staff of graduate experts working simply on research and experiment. They build in our laboratory 8 or 10 tires a day, in efforts to get more mileage

They test them on roads and on testing machines. But they have not in years found a way to add mileage, save through our All-Weather tread. So, in all probability, better tires never can b

Where We Save

We save by modern equipment. We save by a low profit policy

Higher prices [illegible] which mean [illegible] thing to you Prove this, if you doubt it, by actual mileage tests

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited
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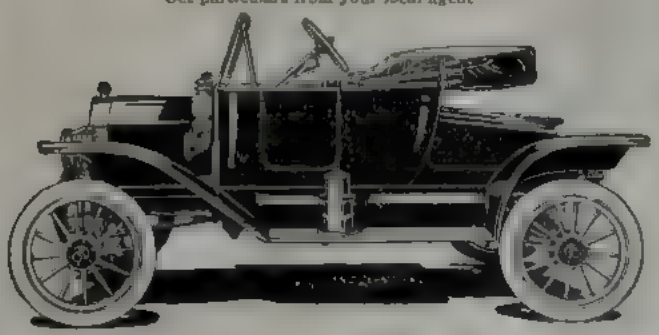
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford—the Lightest, Surest, Most Economical—the very essence of automobiling—and all Canadian

Model T Runabout f. o. b. Ford, Ontario $600

Get particulars from your local agent



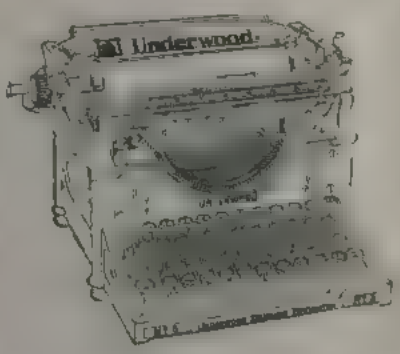
A Business for Boys and Girls

THERE is ONE business which young people have appropriated to themselves. It is a big business—that of the stenographer.

It is a good business. The stenographers of Toronto are paid over FIVE MILLION DOLLARS a year.

Most stenographers use the Underwood Typewriter.

Our Employment Department is a big factor in their success. In this city alone we supply stenographers for 500 positions a month.



The Underwood stenographer is in demand everywhere and all the time.

Write for a copy of "Speed's the Thing."

United Typewriter Company, Ltd.

Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Offices in all Canadian Cities.

Why doesn't she take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

It must have been the camp fire made my face so hot.

'My grandfather scaled a wall and won a city," I explained.

"All same thing," he asserted tranquilly. "Dere be som'ting he want tak' from odder man, gun mebbe, or pony, or woman, it's al' same scalp. He sport hees high fedder, sharp his knife, and hip hurrah for fight," ending with a motion of tying a fresh scalp to a full belt. "De more he kill, de big man he ees, queecker he get hees cres'. W'at you t'ink?" His comical leer is irresistible

"It's time we were off," I remarked by way of turning the conversation. "Sure t'ing, de water is call us come along! Come along! Who geeve a dam' w'at dem ol' scalp takers do, eh? Me, I radder be Louis de no good, wit' paddle in my han' an' laugh in my heart, dan be any dead man no matter how high his fedder fly, b'gosh!"

Delicious, wasn't it? This wilderness philosophy doesn't make its appeal to your head, but to the human inside you. My eyes sought our crest.

Believe it or not, Coz, the unicorn had drawn in his horn, so to speak, and looked positively meaching

I'm bothered about you, Coz,—you and your headaches and sleeping powders! A girl of your age and build oughtn't to know a blessed thing about either.

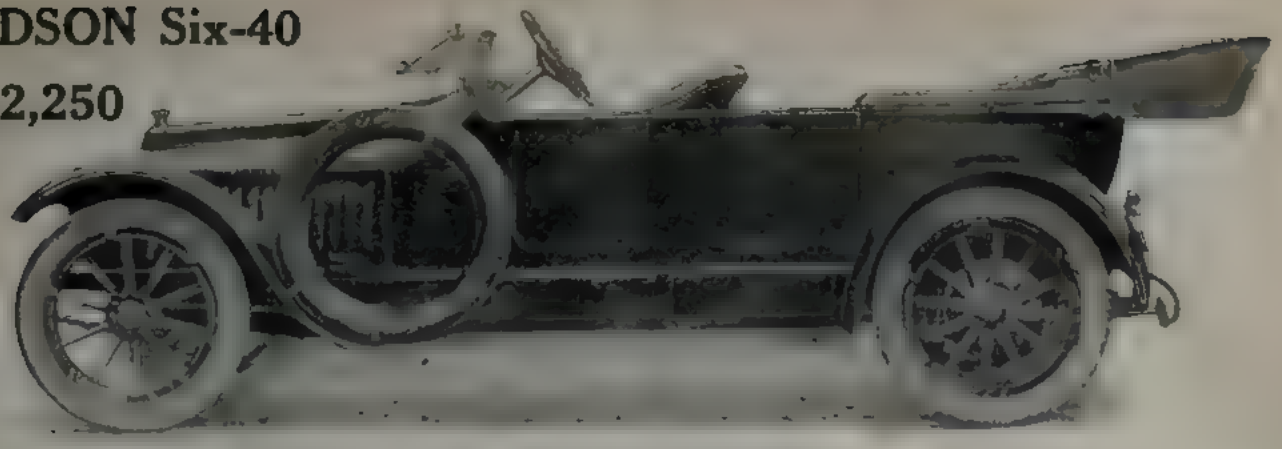
I wish you could be with us this autumn. You'd sleep without rocking, let alone powders. You say you worry yourself wide awake. I know that state, and sleep won't come no matter how many sheep you send skipping foldward, nor how much poetry you go over. I've often recited "Mary Queen of Scots" from start to finish. I've begun on her romping in the convent garden. "In that first budding spring of youth when all life's prospects please," and left her with her beautiful head cut off in old Fotheringay Castle, without inducing the least drowsiness. It's nerves.

One hasn't any to speak of up here. Wait till I tell you. Yesterday eve I was at outs with myself, my man, and my Maker. No, it isn't smartness or irreverence, it's truth. Truth comes to the surface in these lonely places. What was wrong? Nothing much. I had done my best to quarrel with my husband. One hates to try and not succeed.

Well, I took my much abused self into the tent which Louis had pitched in the edge of the wood. Joan was already fast asleep in the camp bed, but as for me, I wouldn't close an eye. I would as on former occasions fuss and fret, go over each harsh word, dwell on each glance and tone, come by final stages to tears of contrition, the tears that spoil your complexion.

HUDSON Six-40

$2,250



Rides Like Constant Coasting

Just Drive this Six Ten Miles. No Question then About Sixes!

Go to your local HUDSON dealer. Take a ride, at the wheel, in this new Six-40. Then you will become forever a Six enthusiast. Note this price, this weight, these flowing lines, these superb appointments. Note that Howard E. Coffin builds the HUDSON Six-40. And then you will have the answer to the question of "which Six."

THIS new HUDSON Six-40 can best speak for itself. You know your likes and wishes. See if this car meets them.

It needs no salesmanship. The facts are all apparent. Just get the car's own story and judge it for yourself.

Decide These Things

First, do you want a Six? If any doubt lingers, this ride will dispel it. The smoothness, the flexibility, the lack of vibration will make a resistless appeal. If you like luxury of motion you are coming to a Six.

Then the weight question. The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds, due to skillful designing and properly chosen materials. Do you wish to carry, in an equal-powered car, from 450 to 1,250 extra pounds? It would mean the same, in tire cost and fuel, as to carry at all times three to eight extra passengers.

Then operative cost. The HUDSON Six-40 has a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—which has made amazing miles-per-gallon records. Your HUDSON dealer has many actual comparisons. Figure out what this one feature will save in the years to come

The Quality Question

THEN let this Six-40, designed by Howard E. Coffin, show you the meaning of a high-grade car. Judge what it means in staunchness, in freedom from trouble, in long life and low upkeep. Now that $2,300 buys all these things, isn't quality worth getting?

THEN see if this car meets your ideals of beauty. Note the streamline body with the lines unbroken and without a hinge in sight. Mark the perfect finish, the deep, rich, hand-buffed upholstery. Will a car so distinguished add to the pleasure of ownership?

SEE the new equipment—the two disappearing tonneau seats, the "One-Man" top, the quick-adjusting side curtains, the dimming searchlights, the concealed speedometer gear. Note how extra tires are carried—ahead of the front door. Note the gasoline tank with its gauge in the cowl. Note the convenience of every control. All these are this year's improvements

The Price Question

THEN judge if anything in comparable cars justifies a higher price. What more can any maker offer in a car of like capacity? And what lower price, in any type, offers so much per dollar?

Count depreciation too. Since the Six is the type of the future, and since these lines and equipment are the coming vogue, think how this car will hold its value as compared with other types.

LET the HUDSON Six-40—the car itself—answer these questions for you. Let it make its own appeal. And don't delay. We are at this writing weeks behind on our orders. We have no hope of meeting all the next two months' demand

Phaeton, with extra tonneau seats—or Roadster—$2,250 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Convertible Roadster, with leather top, lined, windows that drop out of sight into the doors a car as beautiful and comfortable in rough weather as a limousine and that can be quickly changed to an open roadster, $2,575, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid

The HUDSON Six-54

The new HUDSON Six-54 is almost identical with the HUDSON Six-40 design and equipment. But it is la and more powerful. It is for men who want a more impressive car. Its is $2,950, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid

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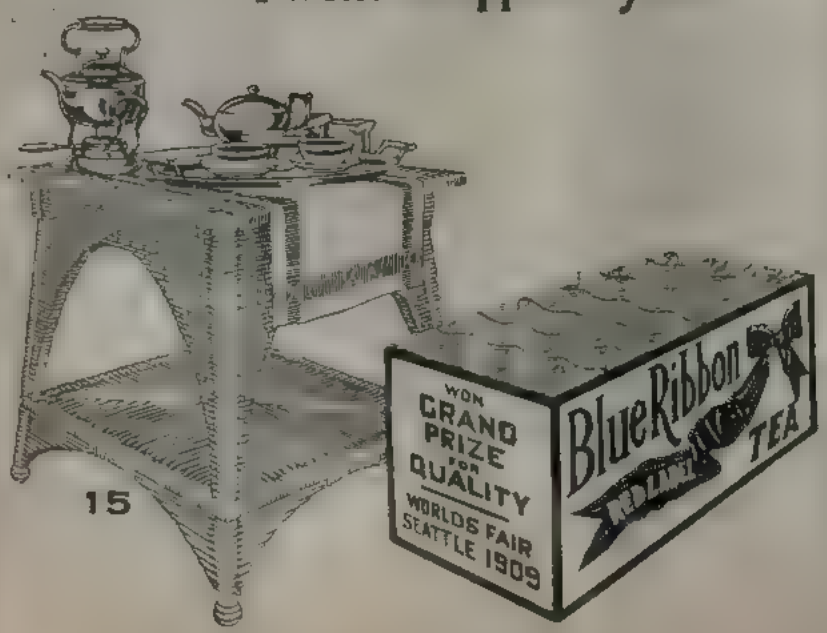

You know how it is, Coz, every woman knows. In the dark we lug out our stool of repentance, wobbly from over use, and what time our soul isn't using the thing to beat herself black and blue with she's sitting upon it so zealously she gets creeping paralysis, and falls off in the proper condition of limpness for being made into a door mat. This was what I looked forward to, but—as old Louis says when telling how the grizzly pushed him off the old caribou trail, in the gold digging days, "De firs' t'ing I know I know not'ing at all."

It is the place, the life. The water and the wilderness spy you out, lay a wager into the wind that they will put you to sleep before he can go as far as Grey Goose Lake and back. Always the water sings a slumber song—even its anger chant has a lullaby tacked to the tail of it—and this deep old wilderness is God's own dulcimer echoing, echoing on all its strings the hymn of rest that thrilled the warm new world that first Sabbath of all.

Coz, I lay there—I, no account, small-souled I—and heard the music of the spheres, vivid, clear, at first, then faint and far away, infinitely grand, infinitely sweet. I wasn't a grown up with responsibilities and hurts, I was little, so little I had a lisp, so good I couldn't hope to live long (don't dare to laugh, Celia) and a near and dear mammie was rocking me to sleep, such sleep !

In the rosiness of sunrise I woke, kicked the neglected repentance stool out of my way (metaphorically speaking) and faced the world, alert, alive, and, for no reason at all, tickled foolish with myself. Also I was better looking.

Do you wonder that I wish my little pale-faced Coz were with us on this visit to the moose ? We refer to it as a moose hunt out of courtesy to Louis and his gun; but it's only a visit. I call to mind a remark of yours anent that slumming fit that took you last year. When we enquired what you hoped to accomplish by making morning calls on women in the ward, you returned, in all seriousness: "Accomplish ! Oh, I don't expect to accomplish much, but I'm curious to see where and how the poor things live, and if they are kind to their babies."

Just so. We hope to carry on some such an investigation, and with Louis to guide and philosophize, the trip promises to be worth while. Since you are not to be with us, you shall have such a report. If we can't have your company we can have your envy. One last word, dear, don't keep too busy. As Louis would say with his grin, "W'at de use mak' bot' end meet eef de back be break on de job. I dunno."

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In Two Flats

Continued from page 13.

"Never mind!" said Mrs. Gardiner "Never mind the cream, Katie! But do tell me"—her gaze wandered deprecatingly to Mary, wonderingly to Dale and back to rest demandingly on Katie. "*Why* are you in Miss Meredith's kitchen?"

"What!" murmured Mr. Robertson weakly, but no one heard him except Mary. Her eyes danced suddenly.

"Our stove's broke," sniffed Katie, "and——"

"Oh! good gracious!" cried Mrs Gardiner. Her face broke into irrepressible smiling; she went up to Mary with outstretched hands and appealing laughter in her eyes. "Isn't it too perfectly dreadful!" she said. "I've been waiting and waiting for you to call on me. I saw you on the stairs the first day I came and fell in love with you. And here am I—and my household—taking possession of your kitchen. That's always the way," plaintively, "when I have made up my mind to make a really good impression. And I'd like to know, Dale Robertson," she whirled accusingly on her cousin, "how in the world you got in here!" Her very evident intention to find some one to blame as a relief for her feelings sent them all into laughter. Even Mary smiled; whereupon Mrs. Gardiner caught her hands again. "If you would only come back with us," she begged, "I should feel that you were going to forgive me! Do say you'll come!"

And Mary, protesting, but not too hard, found herself swept out of her own apartment, and into Mrs. Gardiner's, the center of a laughing, questioning group of Mrs. Gardiner's guests Mr. Robertson was beside her. He answered the questions. His tone was easily explanatory. "And I happened to catch sight of the frescoes," he ended, "and they were such awfully good work that I went across."

The door of apartment C took some time to unlock, but Dale Robertson accomplished it finally

"Didn't Mrs. Gardiner say she was going to call on you to-morrow?" he asked.

Mary nodded.

"I shall call also," he said. "I am going to do my apologies on the instalment plan."

Mary smiled—a little

"And didn't Mrs. Gardiner say," he went on, "that she fell in love with you the first time she saw you?"

"Yes," returned Mary, from the shelter of her own doorway.

"That runs in the family, also," he said

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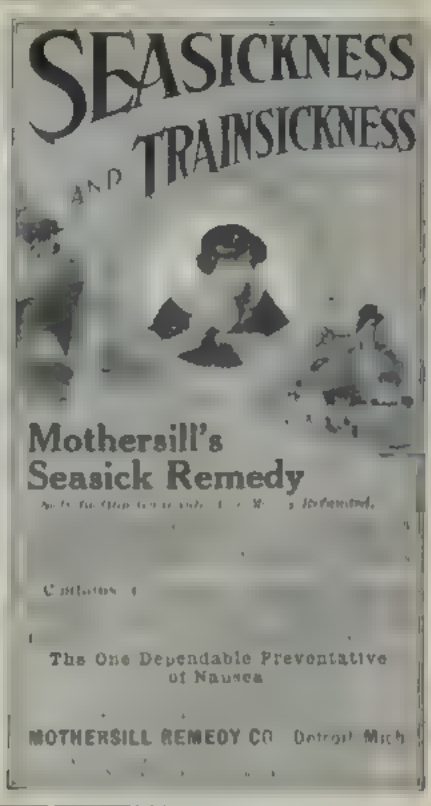
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The Confidence's Last Tow

Continued from page 12.

ized wrecking crew were able to size up their job. The broken rudderpost, the cause of the trouble, could be seen, and below it the huge steel rudder swung aimlessly, moved back and forth by the passing rollers. The boat had evidently been pretty well pounded in the high wind, though she showed no serious injury. "It's been a mess of a crew," said old Andy, who had come out to size up the situation. "Likely a lot of green hands they picked up in Montreal who wanted to get out West. Perkins always had a deuce of a time keepin' his men. They never would stand by 'im. You remember, Jim," turning to Brockel, "the time he had on the old Cuba?"

In the meantime one of the boys had scurried together some breakfast, and the men on the Confidence, now in touch with operations, were in high spirits. The hot coffee and biting morning air wiped out any trace of sleepiness which might have come as a result of their all-night of work and waiting.

"First, we'll get aboard and look her over," said Brockel, taking Andy and a couple of the most experienced men with him in the tug's small dingy.

The Confidence was run back and forth during the ten minutes of examination. Then Andy appeared on deck.

"Looks as tight as a rivet," he sang out. "Not a sign o' water below. And she's piled up all over with iron pipe and cases. Stuff on the main deck's shifted pretty badly."

After a minute or two Brockel himself came on deck and his plans became apparent.

"We'll get a strain on her here," he shouted, from the stern, "and try and straighten her out a bit. Send over a couple of them big hawsers."

About this time, too, smoke began to pour in a gust from the big funnel.

"Huh!" grunted Charlie Dean from the door of the tug's engine room, where he was trying to keep an eye on the new steam gauge and on the outside operations at the same time. "Going to use her own engines, eh? This tub may not have so hard a time after all."

Then the real test came. Two lines of heavy hawsers were made fast on both craft, and Brockel came aboard the tug again the better to watch the effects of her efforts.

"Easy at first, Charlie," he directed, as the long stretch of cable tightened up. "We'll have to see how this end of the apparatus will behave."

The little Confidence went to her big task willingly. Notch by notch, as the strain came on the hawsers, Charlie

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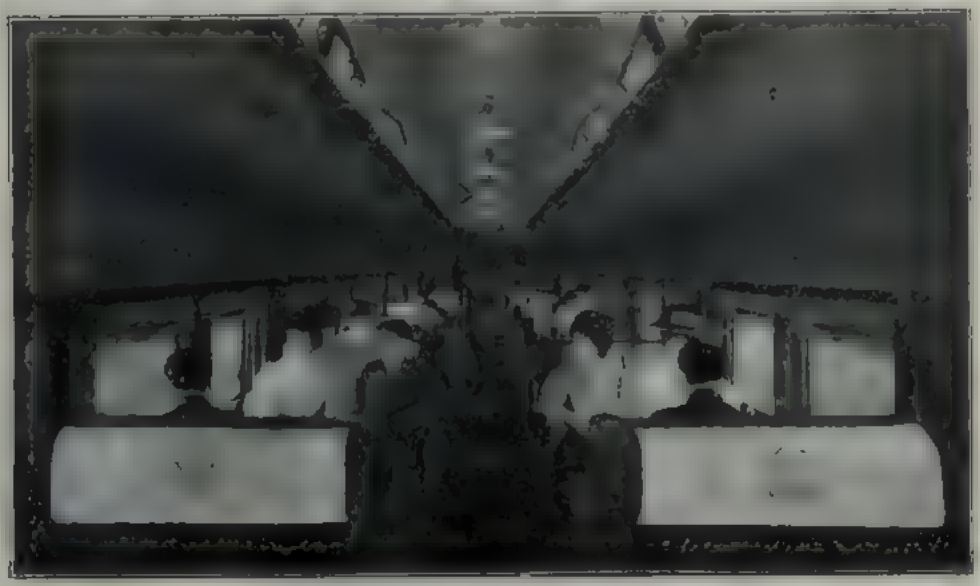

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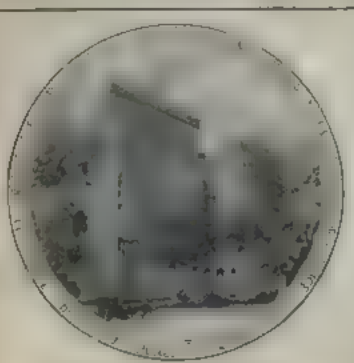

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pushed over the valve lever till the old engine began to pant like a winded greyhound. There was a good deal of creaking around the towing frames in the stern as the strain increased and a sudden crack as the new braces sprung into place caused a couple of the boys who were standing watching the cables to jump back to the rail. The little craft shivered as the hundred horse-power of her engine was applied and the upward pull drove her stubby nose into the three-foot swells so that some of them broke on her deck, but the strain on the cables was steady.

One minute, two, three—it seemed half an hour to the watchers, and Brockel was about to pull the signal bell to ease off,—when slowly, almost imperceptibly, the stern of the freighter began to move to the east. Another minute, when it became evident that the tug was gaining ground, and a cheer burst out simultaneously from the watchers on both craft.

Twenty minutes later the stranded steamer stood at right angles to the beach and the puffing tug eased off to take up a new position.

"We'll try a straight pull at her, Brockel next directed. "If she won't come now she's got to a little later when Andy gets her engines started.

The little crew of hard-headed fighters put in a strenuous morning Even with her own engines at their best under Andy's direction and with the full power of the tug the freighter refused to yield an inch of her nose from her sandy bed. Then about noon, in desperation, Brockel put the bulk of his crew at her donkey engines, dumped a quarter of the main deck cargo overboard, and shifted a hundred tons or so of the stuff in the forward holds to the stern

Then with the steam roaring from the escape valves of both boats, the struggle was renewed.

The old Confidence had been groaning considerably during her biggest efforts but her engineer had been too busy following the movements outside to notice it. Now, when what must be the supreme test had come, Charlie Dean had put in an enormous fire of the quick-burning coal, had tied down his safety valve and with the pressure sixty pounds above the danger point was awaiting the signal for full speed ahead

When it came, and he felt the stern of the little boat lift as the strain came on the big cable, he said to himself, "Now or never," and shoved the throttle lever hard over. For a minute the old crank shaft whirled around, driven about a third faster than usual by the pressure behind it, and the big screw churned around under the boat's stern, pulling her lower and lower. Then, just as there came an instinctive

yielding on the part of the big hull ashore, with her own engines doing their part, when the watchers on both decks, keyed up taut by the day's operations, were ready to shout with triumph and relief, when the big cable, running at a long angle from the towing frames of the tug to the stern bitts of the freighter, was singing in the strain like a gigantic aeolian harp, then—.

"Crack," went something in the after-hold of the Confidence. The tug jumped forward for a moment, then stopped with a jerk, then went on again.

"Crunkle, crack," came again to Charlie's ears from behind him, as he jumped over to ease the racing engine. At the same moment a cheer from the Strathcona came down to his ears.

He sprang through the engine-room door to the deck and rushed to the stern. On the way he noticed in a hurried glance that the Strathcona was off and coming stern-foremost toward them. He noticed too, all in an instant, that the hawsers hung limp over her stern.

Then he saw what had happened.

The Confidence's deck behind the deck house looked as if a chunk of dynamite had struck it. A gaping hole, with the jagged ends of the planks, some raised, some shoved downward, showed in the middle. Stuck up through this was the end of one of the twelve-inch brace beams from below.

"Where's"——he started to say, in amazement, looking for the two huge posts of the towing frames.

Jim Biggar, who was standing at the rail laughing, waved his hand over the stern and Charlie saw the wreckage come up on one of the swells.

"Yanked the frames clean out of the braces," said Biggar. "I thought all her insides were comin' up."

"Engine all right?" queried Brockel, a little anxiously, picking himself up from one side where he had been knocked by the loose hawser, and rubbing his hip.

"Yep," returned Charlie with a grin. Then remembering suddenly that his steam pressure must be climbing, he dashed back to the engine room.

When he let the safety valve off with a bang and started the injector he jumped down into the bunker to close the dampers. It was dark down there and he was mightily surprised when he lit with a splash in two inches of water

"Good Lord!" he said, "that crack must have opened her up aft."

In a minute, Brockel, who had been looking through the hole in the deck in an endeavor to estimate the extent of the damage, poked his head in the door.

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he shouted, with his face even a little more anxious. "Has it reached you yet?"

"Up to me ankles," sang out Charlie, who by this time had a light below, "an' comin' fast."

"Looks as if we'd have to beach her," said Brockel in his turn. "Jim and Dick are on the pumps but they might as well bail with a hat. Dang!" he went on, "it's too d—n bad. Just as we got her off too. Nothin' now but to pull her home an' this puts the spike in the whole business."

"What's that?" said old Andy, who on the sign that something was seriously wrong, had left his engines on the Strathcona and made his way over in the dingy. Then, taking in the situation, as he heard the roll of water below, "You've cracked her open, have ye, Charlie? I was afraid o' it." Then to Brockel. "We cud rebuild her engines but could hardly put on a new hull in a night, could we, Jim?"

"I'm afraid she's done for," Charlie observed, after they listened a moment to the rushing water. It's gained three inches in the last five minutes. In a quarter of an hour it'll reach the fires."

All three, old Andy on his knees gazing into the bunker, Charlie in the water, his hand on one of the dampers, Brockel, looking out through the door to the Strathcona, now lying a hundred yards off, were silent for a moment, thinking deeply, while the water swished below as the tug settled a little by the stern.

Then old Andy jumped up and hit Brockel a crack in the ribs that nearly sent him backward.

"We kin do it," he said, exultantly. "There's a pump in her," pointing to the Strathcona, "that 'ud suck the rotten bottom right out of this craft, an' all the lake with ut. I tried it on the bilge just before I left her. Get her alongside and I'll run half a dozen lines o' hose down and pump her out for ye."

Without waiting for an answer he jumped over the side into the dingy and sculled off at a racing pace for the larger boat.

Fortunately the wind had dropped to a zephyr and in consequence the swells had almost disappeared. It was easy enough to get the Confidence alongside, and five minutes later, Andy had half a dozen lines of fire hose run from the big pump down through the hole in the tug's deck, and a small Niagara was pouring from the freighter's discharge pipes.

"That'll keep her afloat all right," Brockel said, as he watched the water in the engine room hold recede. "The next problem is how to get the Strathcona to port. I wonder if we could tie up here alongside and take her in that way?"

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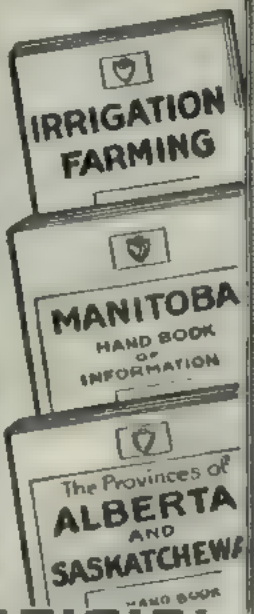

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You have seen busy little tugs puffing up the harbor frequently enough with a scow of refuse or concrete fill tied up along one side. Many a time in the past on short tows and with weather permitting the Confidence had done her work that way. The present suggestion, however, was rather a different undertaking. With her greater length and much higher freeboard the Strathcona was anything but a scow, and was rather a formidable tow to tie up to, particularly in the tug's weakened condition. Precedent goes by the board, however, on occasions such as this one, and while two or three of the crew said it couldn't be done, no other way suggested itself, and after half an hour's work, the signal for "slow, ahead" was given on both boats, and after a minute of anxiety the two—the reclaimed freighter, sound but for her rudder, and its rescuer—with a mighty engine, but a sieve-like hull, whose very life depended on her larger convoy—neither navigable without the other—started gingerly down the lake.

Fortunately the wind had dropped completely, and the swell had fallen with it so that the interdependent craft were blessed with favorable conditions.

Charlie Dean nursed the Confidence along carefully.

"We'll let the big brute do her own share, now," he said to himself. "That pump of Andy's seems all right, but I don't want to shake the bottom off her altogether."

A little after ten that night watchers on the town docks saw a couple of lights, one low, the other high, swing slowly round the end of the islands and begin to move down the harbor. In ten minutes seemingly the whole town was on the waterfront, and a score of whistles were tooting to aid in the welcome.

Very slowly the two boats swung round to make the C. P. R. slip. The tug's small rudder did good work but to do rapid duty for both craft was beyond its power. Then, even more slowly they crept into the range of the maze of lights and into the Strathcona's dock.

Curran was the first to shake hands with Brockel as he stepped ashore amid the welcoming crowd.

"Great work, Jim! So you weren't ragging me after all," was his greeting. "We'll be able to use the Confidence again next summer, won't we? But what did you bring her in that way for?"

Brockel led him a little to one side and pointed to the quivering lines of hose over the Strathcona's port side.

"The Confidence has made her last trip," he said. "Half her bottom's lying with her towing frames back on the shore of Thorn Island. She's only floatin' because we're pumping the lake up through 'er. But she's got a great old engine."

They held a banquet in the McQuarrie and Curran offices a little later—an affair which Curran in an instinctive mood had hurriedly arranged earlier in the evening. The Confidence's temporary crew, sleepiness again held off by excitement, were the guests of honor, with the mayor and the town's big guns ranged down the other side.

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One chair at the head was empty for awhile and when Jim Brockel came in everyone noticed that he looked rather sad.

"I've been paying my last respects," he said hesitatingly,—for he hated a crowd,—when he had been forced to his feet in his turn, "to as noble a bit of workmanship as man ever turned out

"The little old Confidence has made her last trip," he went on "She's lying now on her side in the end of the slip just behind the machine shop," pointing suggestively through the office wall, "where she went down five minutes ago. We could hardly get her round from the C. P. R. dock after they stopped the Strathcona's pump."

The old Confidence still lies there. You can see her any time, or what's left of her—most of her rail and deck-house rotted away and the old funnel full of rust-eaten holes, lying at a drunken angle across the top framework

There's a new Confidence, though, a spic and span sixty-foot yacht, with wireless radials across her masts, and all the appointments you can imagine tied up alongside the new concrete dock. There's a new name on the firm's letter head too. It's now "Curran and Brockel." Jim bought old man McQuarrie's share in the business with his share of the salvage

"Yes," he mused the other day, as I asked about the story, "The Confidence's last tow was, I guess, the best job she ever did. I often think I'll yank her up and put her on the ways. She deserves a better graveyard."

Greta Greer

Continued from page 21

His gaze travelled back, a form was being lifted into the life boat, and the men were bending to the oars. They were in the shadow of the ship and Dare could not distinguish any one, but as a very faint cheer rose to the lips of the onlookers, there came to him one of those inexplicable flashes of intuition upon which he always relied and acted. He thrilled with the certain knowledge that Greta Greer stood beside him in the crowd.

Turning, he faced her.

CHAPTER IX.

The captain stepped forward and laid a stern hand on Billy Cunningham's dripping shoulder.

The passengers stood aloof, gaped and whispered among themselves, all except Dare and his companion, who moved near Captain Myles and waited for him to speak

But Cunningham opened the conversation

"Ellis, my boy, lend me a dry handkerchief, won't you ?" he said quite naturally. "That was one of the best dives I've ever had, 'pon my word ! Thank you, old man—I'll keep it as a souvenir. Now, captain," he continued, in a somewhat lower tone, "if you will come to my room, I think I can hold your interest for a few moments."

Perhaps relief, perhaps speechlessness at the man's audacity kept the captain dumb, as he walked away with Cunningham

The little group dispersed with various expressions of indignation and wonderment, the ship trembled a moment, then moved slowly forward

Dare turned to his companion "You will take cold," he [illegible] which expressed myriads of [illegible] things

The girl looked at him suddenly What she read in his eyes startled unnerved her. She trembled and her eyelids drooped

"I am quite w[illegible]," she did and the tone of her voi[illegible] was throbbing with things unspoken

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They moved to a sheltered spot and sat down

I should like to tell you the rest of what I commenced this evening," began Greta Greer almost timidly, "if you will stay to listen. This is our last night on board and I may have no other opportunity"

Dare put his hand over hers, and compelled her to return his clasp. Her hand trembled slightly and she tried to withdraw it. The doctor thrilled as he realized that the girl was not insensible to his influence, his touch. If the personal, primitive element entered into the struggle, his task would not be so difficult

'Briefly," she began again, "my childhood was very unhappy, and at seventeen I ran away from what should have been my home, with an oriental named Karska. He was a Persian who lectured on various occult subjects and traded on his good looks and ingratiating ways with woman, to fill his houses. He was kind to me—very - and I missed him sorely when he died, but my life, my soul is tainted with his mark, Dr. Dare,—one which I despair of ever blotting out—he taught me to smoke hashish."

Dare started, and made a slight exclamation

Hashish! *Cannibus Indica*! perhaps the most seductive of all drugs And she had smoked it for years That explained the odor he could not name—the reason the stewardess was not permitted to enter her stateroom—the illness to which she had alluded No wonder she looked at life with eyes of tragic hopelessness and despair He sought her hand again and held it closely. This time she did not shrink, but seemed to cling to him

"For three years I travelled with him. We visited many countries and I have seen places and people, world wide travellers never dream of. At first I found many things repulsive—then growing accustomed to oriental ways, I accepted them, and was quite happy. My family, of course, forgot my existence—my sister married a title and my brother made millions I did not care, I had everything I wanted, for we two, were wealthy I was burdened with gowns, jewels, and Karska was fond of me. When I was twenty he died."

She went on speaking without a pause. Dare's clasp was sufficient sympathy.

"I had no relatives who would want me, and did not care to live with any of Karska's. He had only such followers as he made on his trips, and they were only interested in me because he loved me. Not knowing what to do with myself, I began to wander, and soon the lust possessed me.

"As soon as I attracted unpleasant attention in one place, I went somewhere else trying to be happy without people. You remember I once told you they seemed commonplace and irritating—wholly undesirable in comparison with my 'dream friends.' But when you realize that I did not live anywhere, did not belong anywhere, that hotels and apartments were my only refuge, that a bowing acquaintance with a few tourists was the extent of my social life, you may realize what I mean when I say I was lonely. Of course that is not the case now—I mean that for one reason or another

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there are many houses such as Mrs. Beaufort's where I am a welcome guest." She made a deprecating gesture, "I speak many languages, you know, and have weird stories to tell of people and lands, half of which are thought untrue, and because of that awful something which puts its stamp on me, Dr. Dare, I am called interesting! But at that time I had none of these things. I was younger, and I was lonely! It was then that I realized what hashish would do for me—it would people my world with ideal companions, my rooms would be converted into palaces of untold luxury and beauty, my depressed spirits lightened, and I would be made radiantly happy. Fancy led me to Athens, where I stayed two years. I wonder whether you will understand when I say that the life I lived in—my dreams—was the only one which filled all my desires and completely satisfied me. Where hashish used to be a sort of recreation with Karska, it became indispensable to me! I read everything I could find descriptive of ancient Greece, a pagan atmosphere seemed to enter my blood and make a different creature of me. I read about them until those people became intimate friends and companions and their homes quite familiar to me. I sat in the temples, in the ruins, on the old walls. I had sacrifices made that I might see exactly what the ceremony was like. I followed the route of the old processions, triumphal through arches and gates; I burned incense until I grew to find it almost a necessity—even now."

The peculiar odor which clung about her recurred to Dare. Incense, the ordinary perfume emanating from feminine belongings, cigarettes, and hashish. No wonder he was confused!

The girl was trying to read his thoughts—she looked earnestly at him with eyes which implored him not to shrink from her weakness and be disgusted. She did not excuse herself, she did not whine nor complain, she did not blame her husband—she simply stated bald facts, tragically.

The doctor pressed her soft, sensitive hand, and said,

"I think I understand—go on!"

"Perhaps you don't appreciate the difference—in dreams," she stopped and struggled with herself. It was both a pain and a relief to speak

"Yes, I do appreciate it," Dare answered earnestly. "You mean that instead of Persian gardens or Japanese cherry orchards, you prefered to dream of Greece. It is the way with hashish, isn't it?—one can choose the subject of the visions, so to speak, by surrounding oneself with appropriate paraphernalia, and by steeping oneself in the pictures desired. For that very reason it is so much more seductive than opium or any of the other drugs, the effects of which may bring nerve racking fear and horror to the user of them. I quite understand."

The girl leaned forward and pressed slightly against her companion. "You are very kind," she said, "and if any one could make the awful subject easy, you are that one. Ah, Dr. Dare you can't know what it costs me to speak of it!"

A sudden jealous impulse prompted him to say—"Myles knows all about it," but he checked it and was silent. After a moment, Greta Greer continued, "I stayed there two years I smoke—" she half closed her eyes and looked far away into a picture Dare could not see—"and I live again where the old pagans breathed; I am one with them; I dance, I laugh, I sing I float. Time and space are nothing to me—I am so happy—until the change comes, and I look again at four walls, and hear the shriek of motors and the clang of discordant bells, when I realize that I must go abroad

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amongst my kind, with a body of to-day and a soul of the past. It's hideous!"

She drew her hand away sharply, and covered her face with it.

Dare resisted the longing to take her in his arms, and looked across the sea. After a moment, Greta Greer spoke again, "I crossed perhaps five years later with Gregory Myles. He discovered my secret through the garrulousness of a stewardess and tried to help me. By that time I understood how unalterably set apart I was from people, and how bitter a thing was a long life stretching out into barren wastes. I wanted to be as other people but could not. Of course I might have married, but even though the men would have accepted me as I was—like Gregory—, I could not endure them as compared with the companions of my dreams."

"I see. But you did begin to wish you could break from the habit?"

"I did and I did not. Naturally I hated the secrecy of it! always I did without a maid, after finding it impossible to employ a woman who could hold her tongue and withstand the temptation of bribes.

"You don't mean to say that people bribed—"

The girl laughed and the sound hurt Ellis Dare.

"Many a time! You can see the result. While Karska lived I never considered how my actions might be judged—I was never thrown with people. But after I was left alone everything I did was criticized. It did not take me long to discover that I might more easily have soaked myself in alcohol and hoped for leniency, than to look for it with my own grievous weakness. People only forgive those things which they understand. No one understood hashish consequently no one could forgive it. I tried to make friends and smoke at the same time. Then sooner or later the secret leaked out and I was despised, shunned a social outcast, a pariah."

She spoke so bitterly that Dare could feel the slights, the vulgar curiosity, the indignities she had suffered.

"You poor girl," he whispered, tenderly. "The constant struggle was bad enough, but added to that you lived in continual dread of being found out it must have been—must be—hell! And have you always had to yield?"

She nodded forlornly. "Yes. The visions haunt me, torture me. When I begin to feel the desire people irritate me and I show it. I constantly lost friends, when I used to try to make them. I changed physically too, I suppose, for my sister met me one day at a reception and did not recognize me. I often cross with people I have known and am a study

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and a puzzle to them. At first that used to amuse me; now, I am haunted by the ever present fear and the old torturing question—do they know?" Gregory Myles told me of a wonderful physician who would cure me. I went to him. While under his treatment, I heard of another. I went to him. In all, I have been to fourteen, and am as bad as ever."

Dare remembered his conversation with Judson and Hobson when the latter had spoken of seeing Greta Greer one day in the Row, and the next in the lower parts of London. He did not doubt now that she re-visited old haunts of her husband's and smoked in the true Oriental fashion, inhaling the smoke through a vessel of water. He leaned a little nearer.

"Were any of the physicians hypnotists?" he asked.

"One. Why?"

He hesitated, then spoke very gently.

"I was thinking of the Beaufort jewels," he said.

At first she did not understand, then a look of horror passed over her face.

"No, no," she cried, "it was nothing like that! Good God, is that what people think?"

Dare sat silent. On the whole it was as well to let her understand the delicacy of her present position. She was evidently realizing the menace of the drug not only to herself but to her friends as a result of her using it. He was now strongly imbued with the idea of thought suggestion and felt certain that the girl had some unknown force at work compelling her to commit crimes while she labored under the delusion that her love of hashish was the only thing to make life the hopeless, tragic thought it was. Her appeal to him for help was an encouraging sign and argued her faith in him as well as her attraction toward him. But Dare wanted—required more than that. He wanted some assurance of his attraction for her, a knowledge that she not only wished to be cured of her weakness but that she felt ready and anxious to put herself unreservedly in his hands, that she leaned on him because of himself, and not on account of his medical knowledge.

She laid a shaking hand on his arm.

"Tell me," she implored with her face uplifted and very near his own, "tell me, does Madeline Beaufort connect me with it?"

"I don't know—honestly, I don't. I have tried to get at the Marconi man who has handled all of Cunningham's messages, but he will tell me nothing and I know no more than what I saw in the paper the day we sailed. However you must not worry, for Cunningham thinks he has found the real culprit. Did you know a Jean someone?"

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The girl drew away and stared at him speechless.

"You don't mean Jean Catapani?"

"I suppose so—she coached——"

"But she wasn't there when I left," cried Greta Greer excitedly. "She had been in town all day. The jewelry came down about noon and Madeline who had not expected it so soon wondered what to do with it, for Chauncy Beaufort was out somewhere and was the only one who knew the combination of the safe. I persuaded her to let me

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keep it in my room because I had a silly little strong box in the wall—you have probably seen the same kind in apartment houses."

Dare nodded.

"Why didn't one of the men keep them? he asked, "I mean some one who should have been responsible for them?"

The girl raised her shoulders. "I can't tell you," she answered, "it was simply fate, I suppose. About two o'clock I got a cablegram from Dr. Wright, the first man who had ever treated me. I gathered from the message that if I could catch a boat immediately I would be in time to get a few treatments from a Russian specialist who was only in London for a short time. On the impulse I decided to try to get this boat and you may imagine that there was no time to lose."

The doctor interrupted.

"You did not give the jewels to any one except—

"No, no. I went in search of Madeline, in fact I packed and searched at the same time as far as that was possible, but she was away off in the grounds somewhere and I could not find her. I then wrote a note in which I said that I was called away most unexpectedly and at the bottom of it I put the figures signifying the combination of my safe. The motor was honking at the door and I rushed off. Just see how incrimiating the facts look—" she stopped and tried to regain her composure— "Fancy my persuading her to give me the jewels! Isn't it horrible?"

Dare frowned deeply. His theory of thought suggestion was not precisely weakening, in fact her hurried trip across might be a blind, or she might have the jewels secreted in her effects somewhere. But he did not feel like suggesting such a possibility at the present when Greta Greer was so distressingly over-wrought. Before landing he would devise a way of going systematically over her trunks, perhaps with Cunningham's assistance. He wondered what Billy would make of this.

"You don't know of any one else who might have suspected the hiding place?" Dare asked after a long pause.

"Oh, any of the maids might—How I wish I could speak with Madeline—how I wish I had never heard of this frightful curse! But for hashish I would never have needed to run away, like a thief." She whispered the last words into her hands. "Oh, do you think you can help me, Dr. Dare?"

"What would you be willing to sacrifice for a cure?" he asked brutally and with intent.

Greta Greer recoiled from him as though he had struck her, and for the first time Dare saw a wave of crimson dye her white skin, even in the grayness of the approaching dawn. She showed plainly the effect of his insult, not by anger-hauteur, but by a deep pain in her disappointment of the man's personality. She did not answer for a moment, trying to readjust her measure of him.

"Are you speaking of money?" she asked finally. "I can pay you almost any reasonable price you ask."

The coldness of her tone stung him,

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but he was glad. Had he not been able to hurt her, to move her, had he not seen the poignant disappointment she felt when he fell from the place she had set him, perhaps he would have hesitated to ask her for a crucial test of her desire to give up the hashish. But a woman of Greta Greer's stamp does not leave herself unguarded, does not bare her innermost soul to every passer-by, and least of all is the power to wound in every man's grasp, to anger—yes, but not to hurt.

He caught her hands and held them to his breast. She raised indignant eyes to his.

"No, I did not mean money," he answered gently, and thrilled anew at her quick change of expression, "I meant yourself—how much of your self are you willing to give me, unreservedly for a long time—are you—willing—to marry me?"

For a space she looked at him fearfully, reason and intuition both arguing for him. Then her eyes flickered and the red of her lips deepened he thought. "Are you sure that you want me?" she answered his question, tremulously.

To be continued

Argumentative

IN "Tail-Lights," a magazine that our friend, W. R. Callaway gets out every little while, there was recently printed an informative argument between a kicker and a booster of Canada.

The kicker began by making the cheerful statement that "the drift in Canada is not all one way—that Canadians flock southward as well as Americans northward." It's curious, by the way, how these statements are put forward in all earnestness as proving that Canada is an undesirable country. Canadians do go southward. They also go to China, and Chile, and Paris—but nobody asserts that therefore China and Chile and Paris are superior residence-places to Canada. It's the surplus that counts; and although Canadians may go hither and yon at their pleasure, it remains an indisputable fact that more people come to Canada than go away—by some several hundred thousand a year—and that the population is growing "hand over fist."

Then after one of those fine old, moth-eaten raps at the climate—just as though nightingales were more conspicuous by their absence in Manitoba than in Minnesota—the kicker brings forward what is evidently his *piece de resistance:* "In the western provinces the machinery of civilization is in a more rudimentary stage. The facilities for the education of children must be comparatively low." You will notice he says "must". In other words he hopes it is—just to give point to his argument.

"Now anyone who has even the most rudimentary knowledge of Canadian affairs should be aware of the Dominion's excellent reputation in educational matters," says the man who knows Canada. "The school teacher follows the plough as the top hat was supposed to follow the missionary. Why, in these three prairie provinces with an area three times the size of Germany, and supporting less than two million inhabitants, there were in 1911, 5,544 schools on which $11,000,000 was spent. Also the educational status of the population has been strikingly improved during the last ten years. Government statistics show that the percentage of those who can read and write have increased 18.02 per cent. in Alberta, and 22.16 per cent. in Saskatchewan, or to 86.33 and 86.04 respectively, among those who are five years of age and over. When you realize that

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Begin this treatment tonight: With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Then with the tips of your fingers rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin using an upward and outward motion. Rinse well with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment for ten nights and you will see a marked improvement. If your skin should become too sensitive, discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use it regularly in your daily toilet and *keep* your skin clear and fresh, free and healthy, and its insidious enemies will invariably meet defeat.

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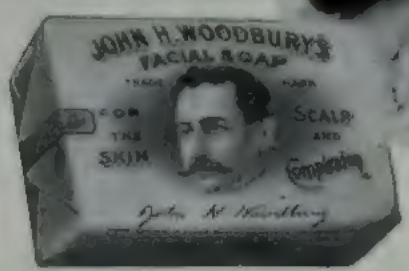

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over half the population consists of immigrants from across the water the significance of these figures will be more apparent. Also, in 1910 alone, the two provinces established respectively 251 and 254 new school districts. This does not savour of facilities 'comparatively low,' or any serious neglect of our coming citizens.

"The fact is that schools are provided in every district where ten or twelve children of school age are to be found; and in every township in Western Canada two full sections of land, consisting of 1,280 acres, have been set aside as a school endowment, thus assuring ample funds for this all-important work. Need we say more?"

Canada has cheap land—any amount of it—and though she is selling it and giving it away in ever-increasing quantities she fears it will be some time yet before her immense agricultural area is comfortably settled.

As for Canadian law, we quote an extract from a letter written by an American farmer now in Southern Alberta, to prove that here at least, our correspondent does not stand alone:

"We are giving some of the Canadians new ideas about being good farmers, and they are giving us some new ideas about being good citizens. On Saturday night, every bar-room is closed at exactly seven o'clock. Why? Because it is the law, and it's the same with every other law. There isn't a bad man in the whole district, and a woman can come home from town to the farm at midnight, if she wants to, alone. That's Canada's idea of how to run a frontier; they have certainly taught us a lot."

Ask the men who are settling in the West, and they will give you the same answer. There's no place for the man who wants to make his fortune by sitting on the front porch and smoking while the wheat harvests itself; but for the worker there are places and to spare. The kicker is one of two things: either the man who doesn't know the West; or the man who doesn't want to know it.

The following verse was submitted to the editor under the spirited title, "Tra-la-larceny:"

A heathen named Min, passing by
A pie-shop, picked up a mince-pie.
If you think Min a thief,
Pray dismiss the belief:
The mince-pie that Min spied was Min's pie.

He and she arrived in the fifth inning.

He (to a fan)—"What's the score?"

Fan—"Nothing to nothing."

She—"Goody! We haven't missed a thing!"